

*BOOKS printed for B. Motte, and C. Bathurst,
at the Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.*

LEXICON Technicum, or an Universal English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, explaining not only the Terms of Art, but the Arts themselves, in two Volumes, by John Harris, D. D. and F. R. S. The fifth Edition. Now digested into one Alphabet; with very considerable Additions and Improvements from later Discoveries in Mathematicks and Philosophy, &c. Illustrated with several Additional Copper Plates and many new Diagrams.

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MISCELLANIES.

THE
LAST VOLUME.



L O N D O N :

Printed for B. MOTTE and C. BATHURST,
at the *Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.*

MDCCLXXXVI.

MISCELLANIES

THE
LAST VOLUME



LONDON:
Printed for H. Murray and C. B. ...
at the Museum, ...
1853.

P R E F A C E.

THE Papers that compose the first of these Volumes were Printed about sixteen Years ago, to which there are now added two or three small Tracts; and the Verses are transferred into a Volume apart, with the Addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small Treatises in Prose, in which a Friend, or two is concerned with Us.

HAVING both of us been extremely ill treated by some Bookellers (especially one *Edmund Curll*) it was our Opinion that the best Method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose Papers in Prose and Verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the World (very much to our Regret, and perhaps very little to our Credit) but such as in any Probability hereafter may run the same Fate, having been obtained from us by the Importunity, and divulged by the Indiscretion of Friends, although restrained by Promises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a Compliment in breaking.

BUT the Consequences have been still worse: We have been entitled, and have had our Names prefixed at length, to whole Volumes of mean Productions, equally offensive to good Manners

P R E F A C E.

and good Sense, which we never saw nor heard of 'till they appeared in Print.

F O R a *Forgery*, in setting a false Name to a Writing, which may prejudice another's Fortune, the Law punishes the Offender with the Loss of his *Ears*; but has inflicted no adequate Penalty for such as prejudice another's Reputation, in doing the same Thing in Print; though all and every individual Book of sold under a false Name, are manifestly so many several and multiplied Forgeries.

I N D E E D we hope, that the good Nature, or at least the good Judgment of the World, would have cleared us from the Imputation of such Things as had been thus charged upon us, by the Malice of Enemies, the Want of Judgment in Friends, the Unconcern of indifferent Persons, and the confident Assertions of Bookfellers.

W E are ashamed to find so ill a Taste prevail, as to make it a necessary Work to do this Justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any Author to write below himself; either his Subject not proving so fruitful, or fitted for him, as he at first imagined; or his Health, or his Humour, or the present Disposition of his Mind, unqualifying him at that Juncture: However if he possessed any distinguishing Marks of Style, or Peculiarity of Thinking, there would remain in his least successful Writings some few Tokens, whereby Persons of Taste might discover him.

BUT

P R E F A C E.

BUT since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our Want of Prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: Or rather having done with such Amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the Severity of Criticks, the Malice of personal Enemies, and the Indulgence of Friends.

WE are sorry for the Satire interspersed in some of these Pieces, upon a few People, from whom the highest Provocations have been received, and who by their Conduct since have shewn that they have not yet forgiven us the Wrong They did. It is a very unlucky Circumstance, to be obliged to retaliate the Injuries of such Authors, whose Works are so soon forgotten, that we are in danger already of appearing the first Aggressors. It is to be lamented, that *Virgil* let pass a Line, which told Posterity he had two Enemies called *Bavius* and *Mævius*. The wisest Way is not once to name them, but (as the Madman advised the Gentleman, who told him he wore a Sword to kill his Enemies) *to let them alone, and they will die of themselves.* And according to this Rule we have acted throughout all those Writings which we design'd for the Press: But in these, the Publication whereof was not owing to our Folly but that of others, the Omission of the Names was not in our Power. At the worst, we can only give them that Liberty now for something, which they have so many Years exercised for

P R E F A C E.

nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And 'tis some Commendation, that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publickly to characterize any Person without long Experience. *Nonum prematur in Annum* is a good Rule for all Writers, but chiefly for Writers of Characters; because it may happen to those who vent Praise or Censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent *English* Poet, who celebrated a young Nobleman for erecting *Dryden's* Monument, upon a Promise which his Lordship forgot, till it was done by another.

IN REGARD to two Persons only, we wish our Raillery, though ever so tender, or Resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir *John Vanbrugh*, who was a Man of Wit, and of Honour; and of Mr. *Addison*, whose Name deserves all Respect from every Lover of Learning.

WE cannot deny (and perhaps most Writers of our Kind have been in the same Circumstances) that in several Parts of our Lives, and according to the Dispositions we were in, we have written some Things which we may wish never to have thought on. Some Sallies of Levity ought to be imputed to Youth, (supposed in Charity, as it was in Truth, to be the Time in which we wrote them;) Others to the Gaiety of our Minds at certain Junctures common to all Men. The Publishing of these, which we cannot quite disown, and without
our

P R E F A C E.

our Consent, is, I think, a greater Injury, than that of ascribing to us the most stupid Productions which we can wholly deny.

THIS has been usually practised in other Countries, after a Man's Decease; which in a great Measure accounts for that manifest *Inequality* found in the Works of the best Authors; the Collectors only considering, that so many more Sheets raise the Price of the Book; and the greater Fame a Writer is in Possession of, the more of such Trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the Editor's Interest to insert, what the Author's Judgment had rejected; and care is always taken to interperse these Additions in such a manner, that scarce any Book of Consequence can be bought, without purchasing something unworthy of the Author along with it.

BUT in our own Country it is still worse: Those very Booksellers who have supported themselves upon an Author's Fame while he lived, have done their utmost after his Death to lessen it by such Practices: Even a Man's last Will is not secure from being exposed in Print; whereby his most particular Regards, and even his slying Tendernesses are laid open. It has been humourously said, that some have fished the very Jakes, for Papers left there by Men of Wit: But it is no Jest to affirm, that the Cabinets of the Sick, and the Closets of the Dead, have been broke open and ransacked, to publish

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our *private Letters*, and divulge to all Mankind the most secret Sentiments and Intercourse of Friendship. Nay, these Fellows are arrived to that Height of Impudence, as when an Author has publickly disowned a spurious Piece, they have disputed his own Name with him in printed Advertisements, which has been practised to Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Prior*.

WE are therefore compell'd, in Respect to Truth, to submit to a very great Hardship; to own such Pieces as in our stricter Judgments we would have suppressed for ever: We are obliged to confess, that this whole Collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy even of the *present Age*; not our Studies, but our Follies; not our Works, but our Idlenesses.

SOME Comfort however it is, that all of them are Innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral Tendency; either to soften the Virulence of Parties against each other; or to laugh out of Countenance some Vice or Folly of the Time; or to discredit the Impositions of Quacks and false Pretenders to Science; or to humble the Arrogance of the ill-natured and envious: In a word, to lessen the *Vanity*, and promote the good *Humour* of Mankind.

SUCH as they are, we must in Truth confess they

P R E F A C E.

they are *Ours*, and others should in Justice believe they are *All* that are *Ours*. If any thing else has been printed in which we really had any Hand, it is either intolerable imperfect, or loaded with spurious Additions; sometimes even with Insertions of Mens Names, which we never meant, and for whom we have an Esteem and Respect. Even those Pieces in which we are least injured, have never before been printed from the true Copies, or with any tolerable Degree of Correctness. We declare, that this Collection contains every Piece, which in the idlest Humour we have written; not only such as came under our Review or Correction; but many others, which however unfinished, are not now in our Power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own Possession at the Publishing hereof, or of which no Copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all Possibility of the like Treatment.

THESE Volumes likewise will contain all the Papers wherein we have casually had any Share; particularly those writ in Conjunction with our Friends, Dr. *Arbutnot* and Mr. *Gay*; and lastly, all of this Sort composed singly by either of those Hands. The Reader is therefore desired to do the same Justice to these our Friends, as to Us; and to be assured that all the *Things* called our *Miscellanies* (except the Works of *Alexander Pope*, published by B. *Lintot*, in *Quarto*, and *Folio* in 1717; those of Mr. *Gay*, by J. *Tonson*,

P R E F A C E.

Tonson, in Quarto, in 1720; and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly printed by Benj. Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and without our Consent imposed upon the Publick.

Twickenham,
May, 27, 1727.

JONATH. SWIFT.
ALEX. POPE.





ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

O R,

Martinus Scriblerus

H I S

TREATISE

O F T H E

A R T O F S I N K I N G

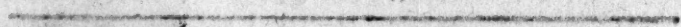
I N

P O E T R Y.





THEPI BAGOYZ



O R

Martinas Scriblerus

H I S

TREATISE

OF THE

ART OF SINKING

IN

POETRY.



ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OF THE

ART of SINKING

IN

POETRY.

CHAP. I.



IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the Subject of my Concern and Surprize, that whereas numberless Poets, Criticks and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of *Ancient Poesy*, there hath not arisen among us one Person so publick-spirited, as to perform the like for the *Modern*. Altho' it is universally

a *Martinus Scriblerus*, tho' of German Extraction, was born in *England*, *Vid. his Life and Memoirs*, which will speedily be published.

known,

known, that our every-way-industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their *Writings*, and in the Velocity of their *Judgment*, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients.

NEVERTHELESS, too true it is, that while a plain and direct Road is pav'd to their *Uls*, or *sublime*; no Track has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our *Baths*, or *profund*. The *Latins*, as they came between the *Greeks* and *Us*, make use of the Word *Altitudo*, which implies equally *Height* and *Depth*. Wherefore considering with no small Grief, how many promising Genius's of this Age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a Guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary Task, to lead them as it were by the Hand, and Step by Step, the gentle down-hill Way to the *Bathos*; the Bottom, the End, the Central Point, the *non plus ultra* of true Modern Poësy!

WHEN I consider (my dear Countrymen) the Extent, Fertility and Populousness of our Lowlands of *Parvafluss*, the flourishing State of our Trade, and the Plenty of our Manufacture; there are two Reflections which admit of great Occasion of surprize; the one, that all Dignities and Honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meager Inhabitants of the Top of the Mountain; the other, that our own Nation should have arriv'd to that Pitch of Greatness it now possesses, without any regular System of Laws. As to the first, it is with great Pleasure
I have

I have observ'd of late the gradual Decay of Delicacy and Refinement among Mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite Pains to come up to the Taste of these Mountaneers, when they without any, may condescend to ours. But as we have now an *unquestionable Majority* on our Side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the *Highlanders*, and procure a farther Vent for our own Product, which is already so much relish'd, encourag'd and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of *Great-Britain*.

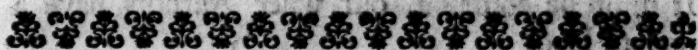
THEREFORE to supply our former Defect, I purpose to collect the scatter'd Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the Example and Practice of the deep Genius's of our Nation; imitating herein my Predecessors the Master of *Alexander*, and the Secretary of the renown'd *Zenobia*: And in this my Undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more Success than has attended even those great Criticks, since their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obey'd only by Fits, and by a very small Number.

AT the same Time I intend to do Justice upon our Neighbours, Inhabitants of the *Upper Parnassus*; who taking Advantage of the rising Ground, are perpetually throwing down Rubbish, Dirt and Stones upon us, never suffering us to live in Peace: these Men, while they enjoy

enjoy the Crystal Stream of *Helicon*, envy us our common Water, which (thank our Stars) tho' it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater Abundance. Nor is this the greatest Injustice we have to complain of; for tho' it is evident that we never made the least *Attempt* or *Inroad* into *their* Territories, but lived contented in our Native Fens; they have often, not only committed *Petty Larcenys* upon our Borders, but driven the Country, and carried off at once *whole Cart-loads* of our *Manufacture*; to reclaim some of which stolen Goods is part of the Design of this Treatise.

FOR we shall see in the Course of this Work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the *Bathos* itself, had it not been for that mistaken Opinion they all entertained, that the *Rules* of the *Ancients* were *equally necessary* to the *Moderns*, than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following Discourse.

AND indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the Light of their own Genius to attempt upon *new Models*, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approach'd Us in those particular Pieces; tho' in all their others the differ *toto cælo* from us.



CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular, of the present Age.

THE Taste of the *Bathos* is implanted by Nature itself in the Soul of Man; till perverted by Custom or Example, he is taught, or rather compell'd, to relish the *Sublime*. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced Minds of Children delight only in such Productions, and in such Images, as our true modern Writers set before them. I have observ'd how fast the general Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence; as if the Intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that Kind which diverts and instructs the greatest Number, is to be preferr'd. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a Taste of the *Sublime* to be very few; but the *Profund* strikes universally, and is adapted to every Capacity. 'Tis a fruitless Undertaking to write for Men of a nice and foppish *Gusto*, whom, after all, it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more Chimerical to write for *Posterity*, of whose Taste we cannot make any Judgment, and whose Applause we can never enjoy.

It

It must be confess'd, our wiser Authors have a present End,

Et prodesse volunt, & delectare Poetae.

Their true Design is *Profit or Gain*; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure Applause by administering *Pleasure* to the Reader; From whence it follows demonstrably, that their Productions must be suited to the *present Taste*; and I cannot but congratulate our Age on this peculiar Felicity, that tho' we have made indeed great Progress in all other Branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauch'd with any *high Relish* in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less *nice* than our Ancestors. If an Art is to be estimated by its Success, I appeal to Experience whether there have not been, in Proportion to their Number, as many starving good Poets, as bad ones?

NEVERTHELESS, in making *Gain* the principal End of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great *Genius's* of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant Hours in some ingenious Mechanical or Manual Art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP.



CHAP. III.

The Necessity of the Bathos, Physically consider'd.

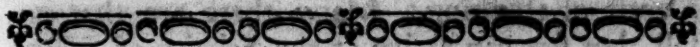
FURTHERMORE, it were great Cruelty and Injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other Way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this, I draw an Argument from what seems to me an undoubted Physical Maxim, That Poetry is a *natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain*. As I would not suddenly stop a Cold in the Head, or dry up my Neighbour's Issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary Writing. It may be affirmed with great Truth, that there is hardly any human Creature past Childhood, but at one Time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and no Question was much the better for it in his Health; so true is the Saying, *Nascimur Poetæ*: Therefore is the Desire of Writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the *Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain*; and the Person is said to *conceive*; now such as conceive must *bring forth*. I have known a Man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers Days, but forthwith grow wonderfully easy, lightsome and cheerful, upon a Discharge of the peccant Humours in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely Deaths are occasion'd by want of this laudable
Vent

Vent of unruly Passions: yea, perhaps, in poor Wretches, (which is very lamentable) for meer Want of Pen, Ink, and Paper! From hence it follows, that a Suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous Consequence to the State: We find by Experience, that the same Humours which vent themselves in Summer in *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, are condens'd by the Winter's Cold into *Pamphlets* and *Speeches* for and against the *Ministry*: Nay I know not, but many Times a Piece of Poetry may be the most innocent Composition of a *Minister himself*.

It is therefore manifest that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of *England*. Nor can I conceive how the World has swallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the Single Authority of that (*b*) *Horace*? Why should the *Golden Mean*, and Quintessence of all Virtues, be deem'd so offensive only in this Art? Or *Coolness* or *Mediocrity* be so amiable a Quality in a Man, and so detestable in a Poet?

HOWEVER, far be it from me to compare these Writers with those *Great Spirits*, who are born with a *Vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an *English* Author calls it) an *Alacrity of sinking*; and who by *Strength of Nature* alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the *Necessity* of Rules to these lesser Genius's, as well as the *Usefulness* of them to the Greater.

(b) ——— *Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, &c.* Hor.



C H A P. IV.

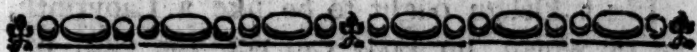
*That there is an Art of the Bathos, or
Profund.*

WE come now to prove, that there is an *Art of Sinking* in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much Skill and Labour in making of *Dikes*, as in raising of *Mouns*? Is there not an Art of *Diving* as well as of *Flying*? And will any sober Practitioner affirm, That a diving Engine is not of singular Use in making him long-winded, assisting his Sight, and furnishing him with other ingenious Means of keeping under Water?

IF we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the *true Profund*, as in the *true Sublime*. And the very same thing (as it appears from *Longinus*) had been imagin'd of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the *Bathos* a Genius is requisite; yet the Rules of Art must be allow'd so far useful, as to add Weight, or as I may say, hang on Lead, to facilitate and enforce our Descent to guide us to the most advantageous
Decl-

Declivities, and habituate our Imagination to a Depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the Felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a Man who is amongst the lowest of the Creation at the very Bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend *beneath himself*, is not so easy a Task unless he calls in Art to his Assistance. It is with the *Bathos* as with small Beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being by our Rules confin'd, and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert and bouncing.

THE *Sublime* of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c. The *Profund* of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flowers, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer Use of Man, are of mean Price, and so common as not to be greatly esteem'd by the Curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true Use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a Solution, why *common Sense* hath either been totally despis'd or held in small Repute, by the greatest modern Critics and Authors.



CHAP. V.

*Of the true Genius for the Profund,
and by what it is constituted.*

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art, that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his Head from all the Ideas, Ways, and Workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*. His Business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable *Way of Thinking*.

HE is to consider himself as a *grotesque* Painter, whose Works would be spoil'd by an Imitation of Nature, or Uniformity of Design. He is to mingle Bits of the most various, or discordant Kinds, Landscape, History, Portraits, Animals, and connect them with a great deal of *Flourishing*, by *Heads* or *Tails*, as it shall please his Imagination, and contribute to his principal End, which is to glare by strong Oppositions of Colours, and surprize by Contrareity of Images.

Serpentes avibus geminenter, tigris agni. Hor.

HIS Design ought to be like a Labyrinth, out of which no Body can get you clear but himself. And since the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the Credible with the Surprizing; our Author shall produce the *Credible*, by painting Nature in her *lowest Simplicity*; and the *Surprizing*, by contradicting *Common Opinion*. In the very *Manners* he will affect the Marvellous; he will draw *Achilles* with the Patience of *Job*; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of Honour selling *Bargains*; a Footman speaking like a Philosopher; and a fine Gentleman like a Scholar. Whoever is conversant in *modern Plays*, may make a most noble Collection of this kind, and at the same time, form a complete Body of *modern Ethicks and Morality*.

NOTHING seem'd more plain to our great Authors, than that the World had long been weary of natural Things. How much the contrary is form'd to please, is evident from the universal Applause daily given to the admirable Entertainments of *Harlequins* and *Magicians* on our Stage. When an Audience behold a Coach turn'd into a Wheelbarrow, a Conjuror into an old Woman, or a Man's Head where his Heels should be; how are they struck with Transport and Delight? Which can only be imputed to this Cause, that each Object is chang'd into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low Ideas before.

HE

He ought there to render himself Master of this happy and antinatural Way of thinking to such a Degree, as to be able, on the Appearance of any Object, to furnish his Imagination with Ideas infinitely below it. And his Eyes should be like unto the wrong End of a perspective Glass, by which all the Objects of Nature are lessen'd.

For Example; when a true Genius looks upon the *Sky*, he immediately catches the Idea of a Piece of *Blue Lutestring*, or a *Child's Mantle*.

(c) *The Skies, whose spreading Volumes scarce have Room,
Spun thin, and wove in Nature's finest Loom,
The new-born World in their soft Lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry Mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a *Tempest*, he shall have the Image of a tumbled Bed, and describe a succeeding Calm in this manner;

(d) *The Ocean joy'd to see the Tempest fled,
New lays his Waves, and smooths his ruffled Bed.*

THE *Triumphs* and *Acclamations* of the *Angels*, at the Creation of the Universe, presents to

(c) *Prince Arthur*, p. 41. 42

(d) P. 14.

N. B. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of *Prince Arthur*, is in Duodecimo, 1714. The fourth Edition, revised.

his Imagination the *Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day*; and he behold those glorious Beings celebrating the Creator, by Huzzaing, making Illuminations, and flinging Squibs, Crackers and Sky-rockets.

(e) *Glorious Illuminations, made on high
By all the Stars and Planets of the Sky,
In just Degrees, and shining Order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest Dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd Air swift Fireworks flew,
Which with repeated Shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping Train,
Then fell in starry Showers and glittering Rain.
In Air ten thousand Meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal Battlements were flung.*

IF a Man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that Passion his Friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the Love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory Regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her only to change the Course of Providence and Destiny, for the sake of three or four weighty Lines.

(f) *Look down, bless'd Saint, with Pity then look down,
Shed on this Land thy kinder Influence,
And guide us through the Mists of Providence,
In which we stray. —*

(e) Page 50.

(f) A Phil. on the Death of Queen Mary.

Neither

Neither will he, if a gooly Simile come in his Way, scruple to affirm himself an Eye-witness of Things never yet beheld by Man, or never in Existence ; as thus,

(g) *Thus have I seen, in Araby the blest'd,
A Phoenix couch'd upon her Fun'ral Nest.*

BUT to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous Genius, prompted by this laudable Zeal, is not able to lessen ; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following Images.

First he is a PAINTER.

(h) *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the Air,
Spreads forth his Clouds, his sable Canvas where
His Pencil, dipp'd in heavenly Colour bright,
Paints his fair Rain-bow, charming to the Sight.*

Now he is a CHYMIST,

(i) *Th' Almighty Chymist does his Work prepare,
Pours down his Waters on the thirsty Plain,
Digests his Lightning, and distils his Rain.*

Now he is a WRESTLER.

(k) *Me in his griping Arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty Force my Body shook.
That the strong Grasp my Members sorely bruise'd,
Broke all my Bones, and all my Sinews loos'd.*

(g) Anon.

(b) Blackm. opt. edit. Duod. 1716. p. 172.

(i) Black. Pf. civ. p. 263.

(k) Page 75.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

(l) *For Clouds the Sun-Beams levy fresh Supplies,
And raise Recruits of Vapours, which arise,
Drawn from the Seas, to muster in the Skies.*

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

(m) *In Leagues of Peace the Neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.*

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

(n) *Job, as a vile Offender, God indites,
And terrible Decrees against me writes. —
God will not be my Advocate,
My Cause to manage, or debate.*

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

(o) *Who the rich Metal beats, and then, with Care,
Unfolds the golden Leaves, to gild the Fields of
Air.*

Then a FULLER.

(p) — *th' exhaling Reeks that secret rise,
Born on rebounding Sun-beams thro' the Skies;
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they
grow
A Heavenly Fleece, —*

(l) Page 170.
(2) P. 18.

(m) P. 70.

(n) P. 61.

(o) P. 181.

A MER-

A MERCER, or PACKER.

(q) *Didst thou one End of Air's wide Curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;
Say, which Cerulian Pile was by thy Hand un-
roll'd?*

A BUTLER.

(r) *He measures all the Drops with wondrous Skill,
Which the black Clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.*

And a BAKER.

(s) *God in the Wilderness his Table spread,
And in his Airy Ovens back'd their Bread:*



CHAP. VI.

*Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the
Profund, and the Marks and Cha-
racters of each.*

I DOUBT not but the Reader, by this *Cloud*
of Examples, begins to be convinc'd of the
Truth of our Assertion, that the *Bathos* is an
Art; and that the Genius of no Mortal what-

(q) Page 174. (r) P. 131. (s) Black, Song of Moses, p. 218.

ever, following the mere Ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious Peculiarity of Thinking, could arrive at Images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great Author, from whose Treasury we have drawn all these Instances (the Father of the *Bathos*, and indeed the *Homer* of it) has like that immortal *Greek*, confin'd his Labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due Share of Praise in inferior Kinds. Many Painters who could never hit a Nose or an Eye, have with Felicity copied a Small-Pox, or been admirable at a Toad or a Red-Herring. And seldom are we without *Genius's* for *Still Life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible Accuracy.

AN universal Genius rises not in an Age; but when he rises, Armies rise in him! He pours forth five or six Epick Poems with greater Facility, than five or six Pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile Copyer after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirm'd by *Quintilian*, that the same Genius which made *Germanicus* so great a General, would with equal Application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the Affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active Catcher of Butterflies, a careful and fanciful Pattern-drawer, an industrious Collector of Shells, a laborious and tuneful Bagpiper, or a diligent Breeder of tame Rabbits, might
leve-

severally excel in their respective Parts of the *Bathos*.

I SAALL range these confin'd and less copious Genius's under proper Classes, and (the better to give their Pictures to the Reader) under the Names of Animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first Sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what *Kind* to refer, and with what *Authors* to compare them.

I. THE *Flying Fishes*: These are writers who now and then rise upon their *Fins*, and fly out of the *Profund*; but their *Wings* are soon *dry*, and they drop down to the *Bottom*. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. THE *Swallows* are Authors that are eternally *skimming* and *fluttering* up and down, but all their *Agility* is employ'd to *catch Flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord R.

3. THE *Ostridges* are such whose *Heaviness* rarely permits them to raise themselves from the *Ground*; their *Wings* are of no use to lift them up, and their *Motion* is between *flying* and *walking*; but then they *run* very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. THE *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's Words*, in such a *hoarse odd* Voice, that makes them

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4. THE *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's Words*, in such a *hoarse odd* Voice, that makes them

them seen *their own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. THE *Didappers* are Authors that keep themselves long out of *Sight*, under Water, and come up now and then where you *least expected* them. L. W. ——— D. Esq; The Hon. Sir W. R.

6. THE *Porpoises* are unweildy and big; they put all their Numbers into a great *Turmoil* and *Tempest*, but whenever they appear in *plain Light*, (which is seldom) they are only *shapeless* and ugly *Monsters*. I. D. C. G. I. O,

7. THE *Frogs* are such as can neither *walk* nor *fly*, but can *leap* and *bound* to *Admiration*: They live generally in the *Bottom of a Ditch*, and make a *great Noise* whenever they thrust their *Heads above Water*, E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. THE *Eels* are obscure Authors, that wrap themselves up in their *own Mud*, but are mighty *nimble* and *pert*. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. THE *Tortoises* are *slow* and *chill*, and, like *Pastoral Writers*, delight much in *Gardens*: They have for the most part a *fine embroider'd Shell*, and underdeath it, a *heavy Lump*. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

THESE

THESE are the chief Characteristicks of the *Bathos*, and in each of these Kinds we have the Comfort to be blest'd with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Island.



CHAP. VII.

Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our Author is to proceed, and the Manner of forming his Thoughts by familiarizing his Mind to the lowest Objects; to which it may be added, that *vulgar Conversation* will greatly contribute. There is no Question but the *Garret* or the *Printer's Boy* may often be discern'd in the Compositions made in such Scenes, and Company; and much of Mr. *Curl's* himself has been insensibly infused into the Works of his learned Writers.

THE Physician, by the Study and Inspection of Urine and Ordure, approves himself in the Science; and in like Sort should our Author accustom and exercise his Imagination upon the Dregs of Nature.

THIS

THIS will render his Thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many Fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For certain it is, (tho' some lukewarm Heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the Extremes) that where there is a Triticalness or Mediocrity in the *Thought*, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect *Bathos*, by the most elaborate low *Expression*: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the *Thought* alone that strikes, and gives the whole that Spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious Piece on a Lady's drinking the *Bath Waters*.

(t) *She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless Dame!*

*To her 'tis Water, but to us 'tis Flame;
Thus Fire is Water, Water Fire, by Turns,
And the same Stream at once both cools and burns.*

WHAT can be more easy and unaffected than the *Diction* of these Verses? 'Tis the Turn of *Thought* alone and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same Lady goes into the Bath, the *Thought* (as in *Justness* it ought) goes still deeper.

(u) *Venus beheld her, 'midst her Crowd of Slaves,
And thought Herself just risen from the Waves,*

(t) Anon.

(u) Idem.

How

How much out of the Way of common Sense is this Reflection of *Venus*, not knowing herself from the Lady?

OF the same Nature is that noble Mistake of a frightened Stag in a full Chace, of which the Poet,

*Hears his own Feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind Feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is *Profundity* itself,

(x) *None but Himself can be his Parallel.*

unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that *Master of a Show* in *Smithfield*, who writ in large Letters, over the Picture of his Elephant,

*This is the greatest Elephant in the World, except
Himself.*

HOWEVER our next Instance is certainly an Original: Speaking of a beautiful Infant,

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A Child, as Poets say, sure thou art He.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy Eyes proclaim thee not her Son.
There all the Lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
And with a fatal Brightness kill in thine.*

(x) Theobald, *Double Falshood.*

FIRST

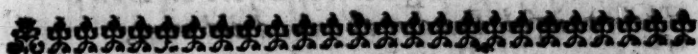
FIRST he is *Cupid*, then he is not *Cupid*; first *Venus* would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's; and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

ANOTHER Author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a Circle of Criticks,

*Thus Phœbus thro' the Zodiack takes his Way,
And amid Monsters rises into Day.*

WHAT a Peculiarity is here of Invention? The Author's Pencil, like the Wand of *Circe*, turns all into *Monsters* at a Stroke. A great Genius takes Things in the Lump, without stopping at minute Considerations: In vain might, the Ram, the Bull, the Goat, the Lion, the Crab, the Scorpion, the Fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural Animals: Much more might it be pleaded that a pair of Scales, an old Man, and two innocent Children, were no Monsters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteem'd out of Nature. But what of that? with a Boldness peculiar to these daring Genius's, what he found not Monsters, he made so.

CHAP.



CHAP. VIII.

Of the Profund consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general.

WHAT in great Measure distinguishes other Writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such Circumstances in a Description as illustrate or elevate the Subject.

THE Circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar. But those that are far-fetch'd or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity*; presenting the Whole and every Side at once of the Image to View. For Choice and Distinction are not only a Curb to the Spirit, and limit the descriptive Faculty, but also lessen the Book, which is frequently of the worst Consequence of all to our Author.

WHEN *Job* says in short, *He washed his Feet in Butter*, (a Circumstance some Poets would have soften'd, or past over) hear how it is spread out by the Great Genius.

With

(y) *With Teats distended with their milky Store,
Such num'rous lowing Herds, before my Door,
Their painful Burden to unload did meet,
That we with Butter might have wash'd our Feet.*

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our Author) so many Herds, which Herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well, gave so much Milk, and that Milk produc'd so much Butter that if he *did not*, he might have wash'd his Feet in it.

THE ensuing Description of Hell is no less remarkable in the Circumstances.

(z) *In flaming Heaps the raging Ocean rolls,
Whose livid Waves involve despairing Souls;
The liquid Burnings dreadful Colours shew,
Some deeply red, and others faintly blue.*

COULD the most minute Dutch Painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a War-Horse!

(a) *His Eye-Balls burn, he wounds the smoaking Plain,
And Knots of Scarlet Ribbon deck his Mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-Players.

*They brandish high in the Air their threatning Staves,
(b) Their Hands a woven Guard of Ozier saves,
In which, they fix their hazel Weapon's end.*

(y) Blackm. Job. p. 133.

(z) Pr. Arth. p. 89.

(a) Anon.

(b) Pr. Arth. p. 197.

WHO

WHO would not think the Poet had past his whole Life at Wakes in such laudable Diversions? He even teaches us how to hold, and to make a Cudgel!

PERIPHRASE is another great Aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffus'd circumlocutory Manner of expressing a known Idea, which should be so mysteriously couch'd, as to give the Reader the Pleasure of guessing what it is that the Author can possibly mean; and a Surprize when he finds it.

THE Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this Figure.

(c) *A waving Sea of Heads was round me spread,
And still fresh Streams the gazing Deluge fed.*

HERE is a waving Sea of Heads, which by a fresh Stream of Heads, grows to be a gazing Deluge of Heads. You come a last to find it means a *great Crowd*.

How pretty and how genteel is the following.

(d) *Nature's Confectioner, ———
Whose Suckets are moist Alchimy:
The Still of his refining Mold,
Minting the Garden into Gold.*

What is this, but a *Bee* gathering Honey?

(c) Job, p. 78.

(d) Cleveland.

Little

(e) *Little Syren of the Stage*
Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
Wanton Gale of fond Desire,
Tuneful Mischief, vocal Spell. —

Who would think this was only a poor Gentlewoman that sung finely?

WE may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a *Thought*; it is the spinning Wheel of the *Bathos*, which draws out and spreads it in the finest Thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin Thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the Tale of many a vast Romance, and the Substance of many a fair Volume might be reduced into the Size of a *Primmer*.

IN the Book of *Job*, are these Words, *Hast thou commanded the Morning, and caused the Day Spring to know his Place?* How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our Age?

(f) *Canst thou set forth th' etherial Mines on high,*
Which the refulgent Ore of Light supply?
Is the Celestial Furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden Metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out Light as fast,
As all my Stars and lavish Suns can waste.

THE same Author hath amplified a Passage in the civth Psalm; *He looks on the Earth, and*

(e) Ph. to C —.

(f) Job, p. 180.

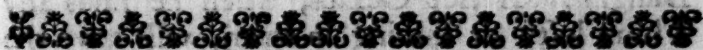
it trembles. He touches the Hills, and they smoke

(g) *The Hills forget they're fix'd, and in their
Fright,*

*Cast off their Weight, and ease themselves for
Flight:*

*The Woods, with Terror wing'd, out-fly the Wind,
And leave the heavy, panting Hills behind.*

YOU here see the Hills not only trembling, but shaking off their Woods from their Backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a Foot-Race of Mountains and Woods, where the Woods distance the Mountains, that like corpulent purfy Fellows, come puffing and panting a vast Way behind them.



CHAP. IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

THAT the true Authors of the *Profund* are to imitate diligently the Examples in their own Way, is not to be question'd, and that diverse have by this Means attain'd to a Depth whereunto their own Weight could not have carried them, is evident by sundry Instances. Who sees not that *De F*— was the Poetical

cal Son of *Withers*, *T---te* of *Ogilby*, *E. W--rd* of *John Taylor*, and *E--n* of *Bl--k--more*? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great Author to our Mind, and ask our selves this Question; How would Sir *Richard* have said this? Do I express my self as simply as *A. Ph*? Or flow my Numbers with the quiet Thoughtlessness of Mr. *W--st--d*?

BUT it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the Works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the Sublime: Yet is not this a Paradox. As *Virgil* is said to have read *Ennius*, out of his Dunghil to draw Gold; so may our Author read *Shakespear*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, for the contrary End, to bury their Gold in his own Dunghil. A true Genius, when he finds any Thing lofty or shining in them, will have the Skill to bring it down, take off the Gloss, or quite discharge the Colour, by some ingenious Circumstance, or Periphrase; some Additions, or Diminution, or by some of those Figures, the Use of which we shall shew in our next Chapter.

THE Book of *Job* is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not our Father of the *Bathos* reduced it in every Page? Is there a Passage in all *Virgil* more painted up and labour'd than the Description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

--- *Horri-*

———*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, & candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, & sidera lambit.
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.*

(I BEG Pardon of the gentle *English* Reader, and such of our Writers as understand not *Latin*.) But lo! how this is taken down by our *British* Poet, by the single happy Thought of throwing the Mountain into a Fit of the *Cholic*.

(*b*) *Ætna, and all the burning Mountains, find
Their kindled Stores with inbred Storms of Wind
Blown up to Rage, and roaring out, complain,
As torn with inward Gripes, and torturing Pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful Vomit round,
And with their melted Bowels, spread the Ground.*

HORACE, in Search of the Sublime, struck his Head against the Stars; (*i*) but *Empedocles*, to fathom the *Profund*, threw himself into *Ætna*: And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this Description?

IMITATION is of two Sorts; the first is when we force to our own Purposes the

(*b*) *Pr. Arth. pag. 75.*

(*i*) *Sublimi seriam sidera vertice.*

Thoughts

Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections, or Blemishes of celebrated Authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the Style of *Shakespear*; wherein the greatest Resemblance lay in one single Line,

And so good Morrow t'ye, good Master Lieutenant.

And sundry Poems in Imitation of *Milton*, where with the utmost Exactness, and not so much as one Exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, embroider'd was *broider'd*, Hermits were *Eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *unbrageous*, Enterprize *Emprize*, Pagan *Paynim*, Pinions *Pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, Orchards *Orchats*, Bridge-work *Pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole Poem. And in very Deed, there is no other Way by which the true modern Poets could read to any Purpose the Works of such Men as *Milton* and *Shakespear*.

It may be expected, that like other Criticks, I should next speak of the PASSIONS: But as the main End and principal Effect of the *Bathos* is to produce *Franquillity of Mind*, (and sure it is a better Design to promote Sleep than Madness) we have little to say on this Subject. Nor will the short Bounds of this Discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiats* of *Poesy*, of the *Cool*, and the Manner of producing it, or of the *Methods* us'd by our Authors in managing the *Passions*. I shall

I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the Use of *Wit* in expressing *Passion*: The true *Genius* rarely fails of *Points*, *Conceits*, and proper *Similies* on such Occasions: This we may term the *Pathetickepigrammatical*, in which even *Puns* are made use of with good Success. Hereby our best Authors have avoided throwing themselves or their Readers into any indecent Transports.

BUT forasmuch as it is sometimes needful to excite the Passions of our Antagonist in the Prolemic Way, the true Students in the *Law* have constantly taken their Methods from *Law-Life*, where they observ'd, that to move *Anger*, Use is made of *scolding* and *railing*, to move *Love* of *Bawdry*; to beget *Favour* and *Friendship*, of gross *Flattery*; and to produce *Fear*, by calumniating an Adversary with *Crimes* obnoxious to the *State*. As for *Shame*, it is a silly Passion, of which as our Authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.



CHAP. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And first of
the variegating, confusing, and reverſing
Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our Authors the Study of the *Abuſe of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a Principle, to ſay Nothing in the uſual Way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures muſt be ſo turn'd, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful *Caſt of Head*, which diſtinguiſhes all Writers of this Genius; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the *Mold* in which they were formed, in all its *Inequalities*, *Cavities*, *Obliquities*, odd *Crannies*, and *Diſtortions*.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible to innumerate all ſuch *Figures*; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the Principal which moſt powerfully contribute to the *Bathos*, under three Clafſes.

I. THE Variegating, Confuſing, or Reverſing Tropes and Figures.

II. THE

II. THE Magnifying, and

III. THE Diminishing.

WE cannot avoid giving to these the *Greek* or *Roman* Names; but in Tenderneſs to our Countrymen and Fellow-Writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe Languages, we have alſo explained them in our Mother Tongue.

OF the firſt Sort, nothing ſo much conduces to the *Bathos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the Beard,

Shave the Graſs,

Pin the Plank,

Nail my Sleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of Pleaſure to the Mind, as doth to the Eye when we behold *Harlequin* trimming hiſ ſelf with a Hatchet, hewing down a Tree with a Raſor, making his Tea in a Cauldron, and brewing his Ale in a Tea-pot, to the incredible Satisfaction of the *Britiſh* Spectator. Another Source of the *Bathos* is,

THE METONYMY,

The Inverſion of Cauſes for Effects, of Inventors, for Inventions, &c.

*Lac'd in her (k) Colins new appear'd the Bride,
 A (k) Bubble Boy and (k) Tompion at her Side,
 And with an Air divine her (k) Colmar ply'd,
 But oh! she cries, what Slaves I round me see?
 Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart Toupee.*

THE SYNECHDOCHE.

Which consists, in the Use of a *Part* for the *Whole*; you may call a young Women sometimes *Pretty-face* and *Pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *Snotty-nose* and *Draggle-tail*. Or of *Accidents* for *Persons*; as a Lawyer is called *Split-Cause*, a Taylor *Prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a Man, for the Man himself; as a *Sword-man*, a *Gown-man*, a *T--m-T--d-man*; a *White-Staff*, a *Turn-key*, &c.

THE APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent Figure for the Ignorant, as, *What shall I say?* when one has nothing to say; or *I can no more*; when one really can no more: Expressions which the gentle Reader is so good, as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.

The first Rule is to draw it from the lowest things, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

(k) Stays, (k) Tweezer-case, (k) Watch, (k) Fan, and a sort of Periwig: All Words in Use this present Year 1727.

The

(l) *The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

IF you would describe a rich Man refunding his Treasures, express it thus,

(m) *Tho' he (as said) may Riches gorge, the Spoil
Painful in massy Vomit shall recoil.
Soon shall he perish with a swift Decay,
Like his own Ordure, cast with Scorn away.*

THE Second, that whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *Run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the Scent of a State Negotiation, follow it in this manner.

(n) *The Stones and all the Elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict Confederacy;
Wild Beasts their savage Temper shall forget,
And for a firm Alliance with thee treat;
The finny Tyrant of the spacious Seas
Shall send a scaly Embassy for Peace:
His plighted Faith the Crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for Joy sincerely weep.*

OR if you represent the Creator denouncing War against the Wicked, be sure not to omit one Circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying War.

(o) *Envoys and Agents, who by my Command
Reside in Palestina's Land,*

(l) Lee Alex. (m) Blackm. Job. p. 91. 93. (n) Job. p. 22.
(o) Blackm. Isaiah, chap. xl.

*To whom Commissions I have given,
 To manage there the Interests of Heaven,
 Ye holy Heralds who proclaim
 Or War or Peace, in mine your Master's Name.--
 Ye Pioneers of Heaven, prepare a Road,
 Make it plain, direct and broad ; --
 For I in Person will my People head ;
 ——— For the divine Deliverer
 Will on his March in Majesty appear,
 And needs the Aid of no Confederate Pow'r.*

UNDER the Article of the *Confusing*, we rank

THE MIXTURE of FIGURES,

which raises so many Images, as to give you no Image at all. But its principal Beauty is when it gives an Idea just opposite to what it seem'd meant to describe. Thus an ingenious Artist painting the *Spring*, talks of a *Snow* of Blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected Picture of *Winter*. Of this Sort is the following:

*(p) The gaping Clouds pour Lakes of Sulphur down,
 Whose livid Flashes sickning, Sunbeams drown.*

WHAT a noble Confusion? Clouds, Lakes, Brimstone, Flames, Sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two Lines.

(p) Pr. Arthur, p. 73.

The

The JARGON.

(q) *Thy Head shall rise, tho' buried in the Dust,
And 'midst the Clouds his glittering Turrets thrust.*

Quære, What are the glittering Turrets of a Man's Head?

(r) *Upon the Shore, as frequent as the Sand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.*

Quære, Where these *Dimetians* stood? and of what Size they were?

(s) *Destruction's Empire shall no longer last,
And Desolation lie for ever waste.*

(t) *Here Niobe, sad Mother, makes her moan
And seems converted to a stone in stone.*

BUT for Variegation and Confusion of Objects, nothing is more useful than

I. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a *Word*, like the *Tongue* of a Jaekdaw, speaks twice as much by being *split*, as this of Mr. Dennis (w),

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians, as they fly,
or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted (x),

(q) Job, p. 107. (r) Pr. Arthur, p. 157. (s) Job, p. 89.

(t) T. Cook, *Poems*.

(w) *Poems*, 1693. pag. 13.

(x) Welsted, *Poems*, Acon & Lavin.

——— *Behold the Virgin be,
Naked, and only cover'd by the Sky.*

'To which thou may'st add.

*To see her Beauties no Man needs to stoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her Hoop.*

2. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-Saw.

Whereby contraries and Oppositions are ballanced in such a way, as to cause a Reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding Delight and Recreation. Such are these, on a Lady who made herself appear out of Size, by hiding a young Princess under her Cloaths.

(y) *While the kind Nymph changing her faultless
Shape*

Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to seape.

On the Maids of Honour in Mourning.

(z) *Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

——— *His Eyes so bright*

(a) *Let in the Object; and let out the Light.*

(b) *The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

——— *The (c) Fairies and their Queen*

In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

(d) *All Nature felt a reverential Shock,*

The Sea stood still to see the Mountains rock.

(y) Waller.

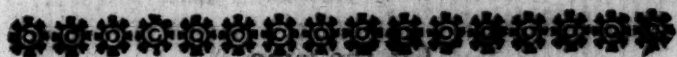
(z) St — on Q. Mary.

(a) Quarles

(b) Lec Alcx.

(c) Phil. Past.

(d) Blankm. Job, p. 176.



CHAP. XI.

*The Figures continued : Of the Magnifying
and Diminishing Figures.*

A GENUINE Writer of the Profund will take Care never to *magnify* any Object without *clouding* it at the same time : His Thought will appear in a true *Mist*, and very unlike what it is in Nature. It must always be remember'd that *Darkness* is an essential Quality of the *Profund*, or if there chance to be a Glimmering, it must be as *Milton* expresses it,

No Light, but rather Darkness visible.

The chief Figure of this sort is

The HYPERBOLE, or *Impossible*.

For Instance, of a Lion ;

(e) *He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very Shadow durst not follow him.*

Of a Lady at Dinner.

*The silver Whiteness that adorns thy Neck,
Sullies the Plate, and makes the Napkin black.*

(e) Vet. Aut

Of the same.

——— *Th' (f) Obscureness of her Birth
Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes,
Which make her all one Light.*

Of a Bull-baiting.

*(g) Up to the Stars the sprawling Mastives fly,
And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky.*

Of a Scene of Misery.

*(h) Behold a Scene of Misery and Wee!
Here Argus's soon might weep himself quite blind,
Eu'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred Hands
To wipe those hundred Eyes———*

And that modest Request of two absent Lovers.

*Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two Lovers happy.——*

THE PERIPHRAISIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given Examples in the ninth Chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same Class of the *Magnifying* may be referr'd the following, which are so excellently Modern, that we have yet no Name for them. In describing a Country Prospect.

(f) Theob. Double Falshood.

(g) Black.

(h) Anon.

(i) *I'd call them Mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a Name too low;
While the fair Vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a Term too high.*

III. THE third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And first, the *ANTICLIMAX*, where the second Line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater Surprise.

On the Extent of the *British Arms.*

(k) *Under the Tropicks is our Language spoke,
And Part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.*

On a Warrior.

(l) *And thou Dalhouff, the great God of War,
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.*

On the Valour of the *English.*

(m) *Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its noisy course,
Nor Alps nor Pyrenæans keep it out,
— Nor fortify'd Redoubt.*

AT other times this Figure operates in a larger Extent; and when the gentle Reader is in Expectation of some great Image, he either finds it surprizingly imperfect, or is presented with

(i) Anon. (k) Wall. (l) Anon. (m) Denn. on Namur.

something very *low*, or quite *ridiculous*. A Surprise resembling that of a curious Person in a Cabinet of antique Statues, who beholds on the Pedestal the Names of *Homer*, or *Cato*; but looking up, finds *Homer* without a Head, and nothing to be seen of *Cato* but his privy Member. Such are these Lines on a *Leviathan* at Sea.

(n) *His Motion works, and beats the oozy Mud,
And with its Slime incorporates the Flood,
'Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting Stream
Does one vast Pot of boiling Ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the Lake
Such frothy Furrows, such a foamy Track,
That all the Waters of the Deep appear
Hoary—with Age, or grey with sudden Fear.*

BUT perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

(o) *Now the resisted Flames and fiery Store,
By Winds assaulted, in wide Forges roar,
And raging Seas flow down of melted Ore,
Sometimes they bear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.*

THE VULGAR,

Is also a Species of the *Diminishing*: By this a Spear flying into the Air is compared to a Boy whistling as he goes on an Errand,

(n) Blackm. Job, p. 197.

(o) Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

(p) *The mighty Stuffy threw a massy Spear,
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, fung thro' the Air.*

A Man raging with grief to a Mastiff Dog.

(q) *I cannot stifle this gigantic Woe,
Nor on my raging Grief a Muzzle throw.*

AND Clouds big with Water to a Woman in
great Necessity.

*Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,
The Clouds hang deep in Air, but hang unrent.*

THE INFANTINE.

THIS is when a Poet grows so very simple
as to think and talk like a Child. I shall take
my Examples from the greatest Master in this
way. Hear how he fondles, like a meer Stam-
merer.

(r) *Little Charm of placid Mein,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Hither British Muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurseling see.*

*When the Meadows next are seen,
Sweet Enamel, white and green.
When again the Lambkins play,
Pretty Sportlings full of May.*

(p) *Pr. Arthur.* (q) *Job, p. 41.* (r) *A Phil. on Miss C—*
Then

*Then the Neck so white and round,
(Little Neck with Brilliants bound.)*

*And thy Gentleness of Mind,
(Gentle from a gentle Kind) &c.*

*Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest be of happy Men, &c.*

With the rest of those excellent *Lullabies* of his Composition.

How prettily he asks the Sheep to teach him to bleat?

(f) *Teach me to grieve with bleating Moan, my
Sheep.*

HEAR how a Babe would reason on his Nurse's Death:

(r) *That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!*

To die, and leave poor Colinet behind?

And yet, ——— Why blame I her? ———

His Shepherd reasons as much like an Innocent in Love:

(u) *I love in secret all a beauteous Maid,*

And have my Love in secret all repay'd:

This coming Night she does reserve for me.

THE Love of this Maiden to him appears by her allowing him the Reserve of one Night from her other Lovers; which you see he takes extremely kind.

(f) *Phil. Pass.*

(r) *Ibid.*

(u) *Ibid.*

WITH

WITH no less Simplicity does he suppose that Shepherdesses tear their Hair and beat their Breasts, at their own Deaths :

(x) *Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks cast down, and with dishevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguish beat your Breasts, and moan
Her Death untimely, as it were your own.*

THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

OF this the same Author furnishes us with most beautiful Instances :

(y) *Ah silly I, more silly than my Sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry Plain I once did keep.)*

(z) *To the grave Senate she could Counsel give,
(Which with Astonishment they did receive.)*

(a) *He whom loud Cannon could not terrify,
Falls, from the Grandeur of his Majesty.*

(b) *Happy merry as a King,
Sipping dew, you sip, and sing.*

*The Noise returning with returning Light,
What did it do ?*

(c) *---Dispers'd the Silence, and dispell'd the Night.*

(x) *Ibid.* (y) *Phil. Past.* (z) *Phil. on Q. Mary.*
(a) *Ibid.* (b) *T. Cook, on a Grasshopper.* (c) *Anon.*

(d) *The Glories of proud London to survey,
The Sun himself shall rise---by break of Day.*

THE EXPLETIVE

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many Authors.

*Th' Umbrageous Shadow, and the verdant Green,
The running Current, and odorous Fragrance,
Chear my lone Solitude with joyous Gladness.*

Or in pretty drawling Words like these,

(e) *All Men his Tomb, all Men his Sons adore,
And his Sons Sons, till there shall be no more.
The rising Sun our Grief did see,
The setting Sun did see the same.
While wretched we remember'd thee,
(f) O Sion, Sion, lovely Name.*

The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM, are as generally coupled, as a lean Rabbet with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the Superfluity of Words and Vacuity of Sense, being just the same thing. I am pleas'd to see one of our greatest Adversaries employ this Figure.

(g) *The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields
The Food of Armies and Support of Wars.
Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight,
Lessen his Numbers, and contract his Host.
Where'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed.
Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd*

(e) *Auner Vct.* (e) *T. Cook, Poems.* (f) *ibid.* (g) *Camp.*

Of

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

(h) *Break thro' the Billows, and—divide the Main
In smoother Numbers, and in softer Verse.*

(i) *Divide—and part—the sever'd World—in two.*

WITH ten thousand others equally musical,
and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated
modern Poems.



CHAP. XII.

*Of Expression, and the several Sorts of
Style of the present Age.*

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too *clear*, for fear it become vulgar; for *Obscurity* bestows a Cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular Dignity upon a Piece which hath no Meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong

(h) *Tonf. Misc. 12^o. vol. 4. p. 291. Fourth Edition.* (i) *Ibid. vol. 6. p. 121.*

Number;

Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours, instead of devour.* (k) Sometimes the wrong Case; *And who more fit to sooth the God than thee, instead of thou:* And rather than say, *The-tis saw Achilles weep, she heard him weep.*

WE must be exceeding careful in two Things first in the *Choice of low Words*: secondly, in the *sober and orderly way of ranging them*. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this Talent, insomuch that they are in the Circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his Life without knowing it. Let Verses run in this manner, just to be a Vehicle to the Words. (I take them from my last cited Author, who tho' otherwise by no means of our Rank, seem'd once in his Life to have a mind to be simple.)

(l) *If not, a Prize I will my self decree
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.*

----- (m) *full of Days was he;
Two Ages past, he liv'd the third to see.*

(n) *The King of forty Kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was King before.*

(o) *That I may know, if thou my Prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.*

(p) *Then let my Mother once be rul'd by me,
Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be.*

(k) Ti. Hom. II. 1. (l) Ti. Hom. II. 1. p. 11. (m) Idem
p. 17. (n) p. 19. (o) p. 34. (p) p. 38.

Or

Or these of the same Hand.

(q) *I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse
To them that practise them with more Success:
Of greater Truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell,*

SOMETIMES a single Word will familiarize a poetical Idea; as where a Ship set on Fire owes all the Spirit of the *Bathos* to one choice Word that ends the Line.

(r) *And his scorch'd Ribs the hot Contagion fry'd.*

And in that Description of a World in Ruins.

(s) *Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.*

So also in these.

(t) *Beasts tame and savage to the River's Brink
Come from the Fields and wild Abodes to drink.*

FREQUENTLY two or three Words will do it effectually.

(u) *He from the Clouds does the sweet Liquor
squeeze,
That cheers the Forest and the Garden Trees.*

(q) *Tonf. Misc. 12mo. vol. 4. p. 292. fourth Edition.* (r) *Pr. Arthur, p. 151.* (r) *Tonf. Misc. vol. 6. 119,* (r) *Job, 263.* (u) *Job, 264.*

It

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*, which estrange your Style from the great and general Ideas of Nature; and the higher your Subject is, the lower should you search into Mechanicks for your Expression. If you describe the Garment of an Angel, say that his (x) *Linen* was *finely Spun*, and *bleached on the happy Plains*. (y) Call an Army of Angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers*, and if you have Occasion to mention a Number of Misfortunes, style them

Fresh Troops of Pains, and regimented Woes.

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our Authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we shall mention only the Principal, which owe to the *Moderns* either their *chief Improvement*, or entire *Invention*.

I. The FLORID.

Than which none is more proper to the *Bathos*, as Flowers which are the *Lowest* of Vegetables are the most *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great Plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine Writer in this kind presents you with the following Poëie :

(*) *Pr. Arthur*, p. 19. (y) *Ibid.* p. 339. (x) *Job*, p. 26.

The

(a) *The Groves appear all drest with Wreaths of Flowers.*

*And from their Leaves drop aromatic Showers,
Whose fragrant Heads in mystic Twines above,
Exchang'd their Sweets, and mix'd with thousand
Kisses,*

*As if the willing Branches strove
To beautify and shade the Grove.—*

(Which indeed most Branches do.) But this is
still excell'd by our Laureat.

b) *Branches in Branches twin'd compose the Grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into Love.
The trembling Palms their mutual Vows repeat,
And bending Poplars bending Poplars meet.
The distant Platanes seems to press more nigh,
And to the sighing Alders, Alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer.

(c) *His Robe of State is form'd of Light refin'd
And endless Train of Lustre spreads behind.
His Throne's of bright compacted Glory made,
With Pearl celestial, and with Gems inlaid:
Whence Floods of Joy, and Seas of Splendor flow,
On all th' Angelic gazing Throng below.*

2. The PERT Style.

THIS does in as peculiar a manner become

(a) Behn's Poems, p. 2.

(b) Guardian, 12mo. 127

(c) Blackm. PL 104.

the low in Wit, as a pert Air does the low in Stature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the Author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently study'd: In Verse Mr. *Gibber's Prologues*.

BUT the Beauty and Energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employ'd in *Moder-nizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the Works of the Antients. This we rightly phrase *Doing them into English*, and *making them English*; two Expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner* how, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by Virtue of this Style that *Tacitus* talks like a *Coffee-House Politician*, *Josephus* like the *British Gazeteer*: *Tully* is as short and smart as *Seneca* or Mr. *Asgill*, *Marcus Aurelius* is excellent at *Snipsnap*, and honest *Thomas a Kempis* as *Prim* and *Polite* as any Preacher at Court.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

Which is fine by being *new*, and has this Happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the Poem itself. Take some Examples of it, in the Description of the Sun in a Mourning Coach upon the Death of Q. *Mary*.

(d) See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his Face; and put deep Mourning on;

(d) A. Phil.

Dark

*Dark Clouds his sable Chariot do surround,
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er the melancholy
Round.*

Of Prince *Arthur's* Soldiers drinking.
(e) *While rich Burgundian Wine, and bright
Champaign
Chase from their Minds the Terrors of the Main.*
(Whence we also learn, that *Burgundy* and
Champaign make a Man on Shore despise a Storm
at Sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.
(f) ——— *He sunk a vast capacious Deep,
Where he his liquid Regiments does keep.
Thither the Waves file off, and make their Way,
To form the mighty Body of the Sea;
Where they encamp, and in their Station stand,
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of
Sand.*

Of two Armies on the Point of engaging.
(g) *You? Armies are the Cards which both must play;
At least come off a Saver if you may:
Throw boldly at the Sum the Gods have set;
These on your Side will all their Fortunes bet.*
All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and
best Fashions of this our Metropolis.

• But the principal Branch of the *Alamode*

(e) *Pr. Arthur*, p. 16.

(f) *Blackm. Pf.* 104. p. 261.

(g) *Lee Sophon.* (1)

is the **PRURIENT**, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the Practice of Persons of the *first Quality*, and by the Encouragement of the *Ladies* not unsuccessfully introduced even into the *Drawing Room*. Indeed its *incredible Progress* and *Conquests* may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris*, and are every where known by the *same Marks*, the Images of the Genital Parts of Men or Women. It consists wholly of Metaphors drawn from two most fruitful Sources or Springs, the very *Bathos* of the human Body, that is to say * * * * and * * * * *
Hiatus Magnus lachrymabilis. * * * * *
 * * * * * And *selling of Bargains*, and *double Entendre*, and *Κίβδηλον* and *Οφινδιστον*, all derived from the said Sources.

4. THE **FINICAL**, which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing Metaphors, and partakes of the last mentioned.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

(b) Won by the Summer's importuning Ray,
 Th' eloping Stream did from her Channel stray,
 And with enticing Sun-beams stole away. }

Of an easy Death.

(i) When watchful Death shall on his Harvest look,
 And see thee ripe with Age, invite the Hook;

(b) Blackm. Job, p. 26.

(i) Ibid. p. 23.

HPQ

*He'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the Grave, his Granary.*

Of Trees in a Storm.

(k) *Oaks which extended Arms the Winds defy.
The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and
passes by.*

Of Winter simmering over a Fire.

(l) *The sparkling Flames raise Water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and lessens all the
while.*

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMEROUS, which moves heavily under a Load of Metaphors, and draws after it a long Train of Words.

AND the BUSKIN, or *Statchy*, frequently and with great Felicity mix'd with the former. For as the first is the proper Engine to depress what is High, so is the second to raise what is Base and Low to a ridiculous Visibilty: When both these can be done at once, then is the *Bathos* in Perfection; as when a Man is set with his Head downward, and his Breech upright his Degradation is compleat: One End of him is as high as ever, only that End is the wrong one. Will not every true Lover of the *Profund* be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low Actions of Life exalted in this Manner?

(2) Dena.

(1) Anon. in Tension's Misc. Part 6. p. 234.

Who

Who knocks at the Door ?

*For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd Gate,
That he may enter ? ———*

See who is there ?

*(m) Advance the fringed Curtains of thy Eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder. ———*

Shut the Door.

*The wooden Guardian of our Privacy
Quick on its Axle turn ———*

Bring my Cloaths.

*Bring me what Nature, Taylor to the Bear,
To Man himself deny'd : She gave me Gold,
But would not give me Cloaths. ———*

Light the Fire.

*Bring forth some Remnant of Promethean Theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement Air congeal'd.
By Boreas's rude Breath. ———*

Snuff the Candle.

*Yon' Luminary Amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd Life.*

Open the Letter.

(n) Wax ! render up thy Trust. ———

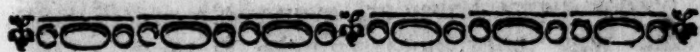
Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread

*Apply thine Engine to the spongy Door,
Set Bacchus from his glassy Prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-Brown Coat,*

(m) Temp.

(n) Theob. Double Falshood.

APPEN-



APPENDIX.

CHAP. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible Pains and Diligence, discovered the hidden Sources of the *Bathos*, or as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established the good and wholesome *Laws*, what remains but that all true Moderns with their utmost Might do proceed to put the same in Execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second Place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great End.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the Enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among our selves. It is therefore humbly offer'd, that all and every Individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm *Associa-*

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tion,

tion, and incorporate into *one Regular Body*, whereof every Member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the Support of the Whole; in like Manner as the weakest Reeds when joined in one Bundle, become infrangible. To which End our Art ought to be put upon the same Foot with other Arts of this Age. The vast Improvement of modern Manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several Branches, and parcel'd out to several *Trades*: For Instance, in *Clock-making*, one Artift makes the Balance, another the Spring, another the Crown-Wheels, a fourth the Case, and the principal Workman puts all together; to this *Economy* we owe the Perfection of our modern Watches; and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rheroric, were the several Parts branched out in the like Manner.

NOTHING is more evident than that divers Persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong Disposition to the Formation of some particular Trope or Figure. *Aristotle* saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an Ornament of Speech fit for *young Men of Quality*; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful Propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by *travelling*. *Soldiers* also and *Seamen* are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar Talent of *Country Farmers*, the Proverb and Apologue of *old Men* at their Clubs, the *Ellipsis*
or

or Speech by half-words of *Ministers* and *Politicians*, the *Aposiopesis* of *Courtiers*, the *Litotes* or Diminution of *Ladies*, *Whisperers* and *Backbiters*; and the *Anadiplosis* of common *Cryers* and *Hawkers*, who by redoubling the same Words, persuade People to buy their Oysters, green Hastings, or new Ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great Plenty at *Billingsgate*, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the *Water*, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequent from the *Beargarden*, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

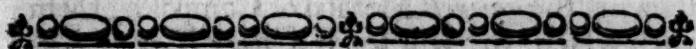
NOW each Man applying his whole Time and Genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to Perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society, (as hath been propos'd) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do, but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind; to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, &c. whereby a *Dedication* or *Speech* would be compos'd in a Moment, the superior Artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I THEREFORE propose that there be contrived with all convenient Dispatch, at the publick Expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be

divided into *Loci* or *Places*, being Repositories for Matter and Argument in the several Kinds of Oration or Writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The Apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty* of the *Press*, may in a very few Days be fill'd with several Arguments *perfectly new*; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice Collection, entirely of the Growth and Manufacture of the present Age. Every Composer will soon be taught the Use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the Manner of those of an Organ.

THE Keys of it must be kept in honest Hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestion'd Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in *Church* and *State*; which will sufficiently guard against any Mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

AND being lodg'd in such Hands, it may be at Discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hop'd much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.



CHAP. XIV.

*How to make Dedications, Panegyrics
or Satyrs, and of the Colours of Ho-
nourable and Dishonourable.*

NOW of what Necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single Consideration, that nothing is of equal Consequence to the Success of our Works, as *Speed and Dispatch*. Great Pity it is, that solid Brains are not, like other solid Bodies, constantly endowed with a *Velocity* in sinking, proportioned to their *Heaviness*: For it is with the *Flowers* of the *Bathos* as with those of Nature, which if the careful Gardener brings not hastily to the Market in the *Morning*, must unprofitably perish and wither before *Night*. And of all our Productions none is so short-liv'd as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as they are the very two Sorts whereon in a Manner depends that *Gain* or *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the whole End of *our Writers* and *Speakers*.

WE shall therefore employ this Chapter in shewing the *quickest* Method of Composing them; after which we will teach a *short Way to Epick Poetry*. And these being confessedly the Works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presum'd we may leave the rest to each Author's own Learning or Practice.

FIRST of *Panegyrick*: Every Man is *honourable*, who is so by *Law, Custom or Title*; the Publick are better Judges of what is honourable, than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are *inherent* in them whether they are *exerted* or not; and the more strongly inherent the less they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich the less he spends.

ALL great Ministers, without either private or oeconomical Virtue, as virtuous by their *Posts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*: provident upon *Parliamentary Supplies*, just by paying *Publick Interest*, couragious and magnanimous by the *Fleets and Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Successes*. They have by their *Office*, a Right to a Share of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; besides they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated Virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same *Stations*, especially those of their own *Ancestors*.

As

As to what are commonly call'd the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Dis honourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green* and *Red*. But forasmuch as the Duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we should put some Things in a strong Light, and throw a Shade over others, I shall explain the Method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

THE first and chief Rule is *the Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their *bordering* Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice *transform'd* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphors'd into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism, and Lewdness into Tendernefs and Facility.

THE Second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain the less a Man is endu'd with any Virtue, the more Need he has to have it plentifully bestow'd, especially those good Qualities of which the World generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

THE Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that who so loseth his Place, or becomes out of Favour with the Government, hath forfeited his Share in *Publick Praise* and *Honour*. There-

fore the truly-publick-spirited Writer ought in Duty to strip him whom the Government has stripped: Which is the real *poetical Justice* of this Age. For a full Collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons. I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest Exhortation to all my Brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down; the Neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.



CHAP. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the Criticks agree, is the greatest Work Human Nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical Rules for Compositions of this Sort, but at the same Time they cut off almost all Undertakers from the Possibility of ever performing them; for the first Qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the Benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great Use to all those who

who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the World is convinced they never *Learn*. What *Moliere* observes of making a Dinner, that any Man can do it *with Money*, and if a profess'd Cook cannot do it *without* he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that *has* a Genius, but the Skill lies in doing it without one. In Pursuance of this End, I shall present the Reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any Author in the *Bathos* may be qualified for this grand Performance.

For the *Fable*.

T A K E out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend, (for Instance *Geoffry of Monmouth* or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those Parts of Story which afford most Scope for *long Descriptions*: Put these Pieces together, and throw all the Adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero whom you may chuse for the Sound of his Name, and put him into the midst of these Adventures: Then let him *work* for twelve Books; at the End of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the Conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an *Episode*.

T A K E any remaining Adventure of your former Collection, in which you could no Way
D 5 involve

involve your Hero ; or any unfortunate Accident that was too good to be thrown away ; and it will be of Use, applied to any other Person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the Course of the Work, without the least Damage to the Composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.

THESE you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your Leisure : Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

For the Manners.

FOR those of the *Hero*, take all the best Qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of Antiquity ; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay 'em *all on a Heap* upon him. But be sure they are Qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have ; and to prevent any Mistake which the World may be subject to, select from the Alphabet those Capital Letters that compose his Name, and set them at the Head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact Quantity of these Virtues, it not being determin'd whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from *Homer* and *Virgil*, and change the Names as Occasion serves.

For

For the Machines.

TAKE of *Deities*, Male and Female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal Parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle. Let *Juno* put him in a Ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all Occasions to make Use of Volatile *Mercury*. If you have Need of Devils, draw them out of *Milton's Paradise*, and extract your *Spirits* from *Tasso*. The Use of these Machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest Way is to reserve them for your greatest Necessities. When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human Means, or your self by your own Wit, seek Relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your Business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of *Horace* in his Art of Poetry.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignas vindice nodus Inciderit. —

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the Descriptions.

FOR a *Tempest*. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyr*, *Auster* and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one Verse: Add to these of Rain, Lightning and of Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*.
Mix

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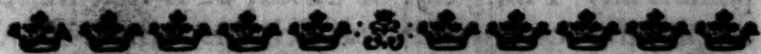
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Mix

Mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your Tempest well in your Head, before you set it a blowing.

FOR a *Battle*. Pick a large Quantity of Images and Descriptions from *Homer's Iliads*, with a Spice or two of *Virgil*, and if there remain any Overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish*. Season it well with *Similies*, and it will make an *Excellent Battle*.

FOR a *Burning Town*. If such a Description be necessary, (because it is certain there is one in *Virgil*,) Old *Troy* is ready burnt to your Hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrow'd, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into Verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similies* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the Danger is in applying them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.



CHAP. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a Part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken Care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practis'd for the Advancement of the *Bathos*.

HERE therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the Most August Mr. *B--t--n B--th*, the Most Serene Mr. *W--ll--m W--lks*, and the Most Undaunted Mr. *C--ll-y C--bb-r*; of whom let it be known *when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors*, and to all the Succession of our Successors, that to this present Day they continue to *Out-do* even their own *Out-doings*: And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brush'd off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a *Co-temporary Critick* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*!

YET,

YET, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any Thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. *D-m-s* and Mr. *Gildon*, (the two greatest Criticks and Reformers than living) made publick in the Year 1720, in a Project sign'd with their Names, and dated the 2d of *February*. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. IT is propos'd that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. *Figg* with his Prize-fighters, and *Violante* with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. THAT a spacious Building be erected at the Public Expence, capable of containing at least ten Thousand Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great Addition of Children and Nurles to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the *Athenian*, which was near ninety Thousand Geometrical Paces square, and separate Divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their Places frank.

3. IF *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this Service, (which by Reason of its Proximity

ty to the two Chambers of Parliament above mentioned, seems not altogether improper) it left to the Wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerſet-Houſe* may not be demolish'd, and a Theatre built upon that Scite, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be waſted thither by Water-Carriage, eſteemed by all Projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the River *Thames* may in the readieſt Manner convey thoſe eminent Perſonages from Courts beyound the Seas, who may be drawn either by Curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to ſee their Countrey-men the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient Notice may be given for two or three Months before, in the Public Prints.

4. THAT the Theatre abovesaid be environ'd with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the Accommodation of decayed *Criticks* and *Poets*; out of whom Six of the moſt Aged (their Age to be computed from the Year wherein their firſt Work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the Affairs of the Society, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureat for the Time being, may be always one. The Head or Preſident over all, (to prevent Diſputes, but too frequent among the Learned) ſhall be the *oldeſt Poet* and *Critick* to be found in the whole Iſland.

5. THE

5. THE *Male-Players* are to be lodg'd in the Garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the Persons of the *Poets*, dwelling under them, by brushing their Apparel, drawing on their Shoes and the like. The *Actresses* are to make their Beds, and wash their Linnen.

6. A LARGE Room shall be set apart for a *Library*, to consist of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this Room shall be a round Table for the *Council of SIX* to sit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* shall determine the Dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each Side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require a Decision by *Single Combat*.

7. IT may be convenient to place the *Council of SIX* in some conspicuous Situation in the Theatre, where after the Manner usually practised by Composers in Musick, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In Consequence of these Signs the whole Audience shall be required to *clap* or *hiss*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd.

8. IT is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of SIX* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable

ble Shape and Colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. THAT to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent Provision be allowed for the Nurture of them, who shall for that Reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their Parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their Memory will allow) the true Names and Qualities of their several Fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the Publick Expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*. A more ample Provision shall be made for the Son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the Son of a *Critick*.

10. IF it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play, wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a Neglect of her Business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit *Murder*, except upon the Stage, he shall be left to the Laws of the Land; the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other Cases, particularly in those of *Debt*, it is propos'd that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Priviledge*. And whereas it has been found, that an Obligation to satisfy *pauitry Creditors* has been a Discouragement to *Men of Letters*, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for
any

any *Poet* or *Critick* of this Society to any remote Quarter of the Town, the said *Poet* or *Critick* shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

II. THE fore-mentioned Scheme in its several Regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every third Night throughout the Year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many Persons could live without any Food (tho' from the former Course of their Lives, a *very little* will be sufficient) the Masters of Calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said Persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent Manner. We will venture to affirm farther that not only the proper Magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint*, *Diet-Drinks*, *Spitting-Pets*, and all other *Necessaries of Life*, may in like Manner fairly be provided for.

12. IF some of the Articles may at first View seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a Power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the Great Officers of State) this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every Thing of Moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

Vale & Fruere.

MAR. SCRIB.
CON-



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TO THE

BATHOS.

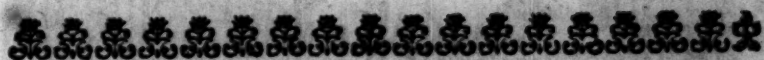
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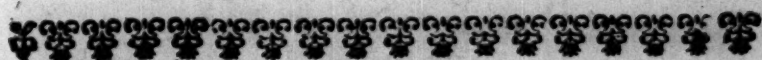
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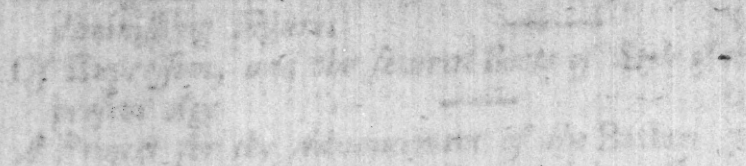


MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.





1. The first part of the report is a general statement of the purpose of the study.

V-E-R-S-E





CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written Anno 1713.



HE *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* were
seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian Queen*.
The Council for the Fair began,
Accusing the false Creature *Man*.

THE

THE Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
 On which the Pleader much enlarg'd ;
 That *Cupid* now has lost his Art,
 Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart ;
 His Altar now no longer smokes,
 His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes :
 This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
 And bring in Doubt their Pow'r divine ;
 Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
 And Marriage grown a Money-League.
 Which Crimes aforesaid (with her Leave)
 Were (as he humbly did concieve)
 Against our Sov'reign Lady's Peace,
 Against the Statutes in that Case,
 Against her Dignity and Crown :
 Then pray'd an Answer and sat down.

THE *Nymphs* with Scorn beheld their Foes :
 When the Defendant's Council rose,
 And, what no Lawyer ever lack'd,
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact.
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,
 Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex.
 'That modern Love is no such Thing
 As what those ancient Poets sing ;

A Fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceive'd and kindled in the Mind,
 Which having found an equal Flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In different Breasts together burn,
 Together both to Ashes turn.
 But Women now feel no such Fire,
 And only know the gross Desires
 Their Passions move in lower Spheres,
 Where-e'er Caprice or Folly steers.
 A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
 Or some worse Brute in human Shape,
 Engross the Fancies of the Fair,
 The few soft Moments they can spare,
 From Visits to receive and pay,
 From Scandal, Politicks, and Play,
 From Fans, and Flounces, and Brocades,
 From Equipage and Park-Parades,
 From all the thousand Female Toys,
 From every Trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their Heads,
 Between their Toylets and their Beds.

IN a dull Stream, which moving slow
 You hardly see the Current flow,
 If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,
 It whirls about for Want of Force,
 And in its narrow Circle gathers
 Nothing but Chaff, and Straws, and Feathers:

The Current of a Female Mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws:
 Hence we conclude, no Womens Hearts
 Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts;
 Nor are the Men of Sense to blame,
 For Breasts incapable of Flame;
 The Fault must on the Nymphs be plac'd,
 Grown so corrupted in their Taste.

THE Pleader having spoke his best,
 Had Witnesses ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on Oath depose,
 When Questions on the Fact arose,
 That ev'ry Article was true;
Nor further those Deponents knew:
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The Bill might be with Costs dismiss.

THE Cause appear'd of so much Weight,
 That *Venus* from the Judgment-Seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a Cloud:
 For if the Heav'nly Folk should know
 These Pleadings in the Courts below,
 That Mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her Face above.
 For Gods, their Betters, are too wise
 To value that which Men despise.

And

And then, said she, my Son and I
Must strole in Air twixt Earth and Sky;
Or else, shut out from Heaven and Earth,
Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth;
There live with daggl'd *Mermaids* pent,
And keep on Fish perpetual *Lent*.

BUT since the Case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take Advice.

The *Muses*, by their King's Permission,
Tho' Foes to Love, attend the Session,
And on the Right Hand took their Places
In Order; on the Left, the *Graces*:

To whom she might her Doubts propose
On all Emergencies that rose.

The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
The *Graces* half asham'd look'd down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either Sex, among the Crew,
Whom she or her Assessors knew.

The Goddesses soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a Decree,
And said she must consult her Books,

The *Lovers* *Fleets*'s, *Brastons*, *Cokes*.

First to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second;

She then referr'd them to a Place
In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's Case*;) }

100 CADENUS and VANESSA.

As for *Tibullus's* Reports,
They never pass'd for Law in Courts :
For *Cowley's* Brief, and Pleas of *Waller*,
Still their Authority is smaller.

T H E R E was on both Sides much to say :
She'd hear the Cause another Day,
And so she did, and then a Third,
She heard it — there she kept her Word;
But with Rejoinders and Replies,
Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies,
Demur, Impar lance, and Essoign,
The Parties ne'er could Issue join :
For Sixteen Years the Cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

N O W, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
The Goddess much perplex'd in Mind,
To see her Empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand Debate arose
Above her Wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a Project in her Head,
To work her Ends; which if it sped,
Wou'd shew the Merits of the Cause,
Far better than consulting Laws.

I N a glad Hour *Lucina's* Aid
Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new Experiment,

She

CADENUS and VANESSA.

I

She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

SINCE Men alledge they ne'er can find,
Those Beauties in a Female Mind,
Which raise a Flame that will endure
For ever, uncorrupt and pure ;
If 'tis with Reason they complain,
This Instant shall restore my Reign.
I'll search where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
From Courts inclusive down to Cells.
What Preachers talk, or Sages write,
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to Mankind
Collected in that Infant's Mind.

THIS said, she plucks in Heaven's high Bow'rs
A Sprig of *Amarantine* Flow'rs,
In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,
Three times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays :
Then calls the *Graces* to her Aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born Maid.
From whence the tender Skin assumes
A Sweetness above all Perfumes ;
From whence a Cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward Stains ;
From whence that Decency of Mind,
So lovely in a Female Kind.
Where not one careless Thought intrudes,
Less modest than the Speech of Prudes ;

Where never Blush was call'd in Aid;
 The spurious Virtue in a Maid,
 A Virtue but at second-hand;
 They blush because they understand;

THE *Graces* next wou'd act their Part,
 And shew but little of their Art;
 Their Work was half already done,
 The Child with native Beauty shone,
 The outward Form no Help requir'd:
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging Air,
 Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair,
 And said, "*Vanessa* be the Name,
 " By which thou shalt be known to Fame,
 "*Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd:
 " Her Name on Earth — shall not be told.

BUT still the Work was not compleat,
 When *Venus* thought on a Deceit:
 Drawn by her Doves, away she flies,
 And finds out *Pallas*, in the Skies:
 Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn
 To see a lovely Infant born:
 A Boy in yonder Isle below,
 So like my own without his Bow,
 By Beauty cou'd your Heart be won,
 You'd swear it is *Apollo's* Son;
 But it shall ne'er be said, a Child
 So hopeful, has by me been spoil'd;

I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your Care.

WISDOM's above suspecting Wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
Mistakes *Vanessa* for a Boy;

Then sows within her tender Mind
Seeds long unknown to Womankind;
For manly Bosoms chiefly fit,

The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit,
Her Soul was suddenly endu'd
With Justice, Truth and Fortitude;

With Honour, which no Breath can stain,
Which Malice must attack in vain:

With open Heart and Bounteous Hand;
But *Pallas* here was at a Stand;

She knew in our degen'rate Days
Bare Virtue could not live on Praise,

That Meat must be with Money bought:
She therefore, upon second Thought,

Infus'd yet as it were by Stealth,
Some small regard for State and Wealth:

Of which as she grew up there stay'd
A Tincture in the prudent Maid:

She manag'd her Estate with Care,
Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair.

But lest he should neglect his Studies
Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddess

(For fear young Master should be spoil'd,)
Wou'd use him like a younger Child ;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just Five Thousand Pound.

THE Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd ;
She doubted not but such a Dame
Thro' ev'ry Breast wou'd dart a Flame ;
That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
With Pride would drag about her Chain ;
That Scholars wou'd forsake their Books
To study bright *Vanessa's* Looks :
As she advanc'd, that Womankind
Wou'd by her Model form their Mind,
And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd
By her, as an unerring Guide.
Offending Daughters oft wou'd hear
Vanessa's Praise rung in their Ear :
Miss *Betty*, when she does a Fault,
Lets fall her Knife, or spils the Salt,
Will thus be by her Mother chid,
“ 'Tis what *Vanessa* never did.”
Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
My Pow'r shall be again restor'd,
And happy Lovers bless my Reign——
So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

FOR when in time the *Martial Maid*
Found out the Trick that *Venus* play'd,

She

She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,
And fir'd with Indignation vows;
To-morrow, e'er the Setting Sun,
She'd all undo, that she had done.

BUT in the Poets we may find,
A wholesome Law, Time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's Decree;
That Gods of whatsoe'er Degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any Brother-God in Heav'n;
Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
Or they must always be at Odds.
And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;
A Shame to one so much ador'd
For Wisdom, at *Jove's* Council Board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Wou'd meet with better Friends above.
And tho' she must with Grief reflect,
To see a mortal Virgin deck'd
With Graces, hitherto unknown
To Female Breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A Goddess of unspotted Fame;
She knew, by Augury Divine,
Venus would fail in her Design:
She study'd well the Point, and found
Her Foe's conclusions were not found,

(For fear young Master should be spoil'd,)
 Wou'd use him like a younger Child;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just Five Thousand Pound.

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Venus would fail in her Design :
She study'd well the Point, and found
Her Foe's conclusions were not sound,

From Premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the Deductions nought,
 And must have contrary Effects
 To what her treach'rous Foe expects.

IN proper Season *Pallas* meets
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
 (For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
 Can in Celestial Language scold)
 Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this Project in your Brain,
 A Project for thy Talents fit,
 With much Deceit and little Wit;
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thy self, instead of me;
 For how can Heav'nly Wisdom prove
 An Instrument to Earthly Love?
 Know'st thou not yet that Men commence
 Thy Votaries, for Want of Sense?
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme
 To manage thy abortive Scheme;
 She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes,
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither Skill, nor Force,
 Leave all Things to their nat'ral Course.

THE Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom;
 When, lo! *Vanessa* in her Bloom,
 Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far.

In

In a new World with Caution stept,
Watch'd all the Company she kept,
Well knowing from the Books she read
What dangerous Paths young Virgins tread;
Wou'd seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the Play-house twice a Year;
Yet not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the Converse of Mankind.

FIRST issu'd from Perfumers Shops }
A Croud of fashionable Fops;
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the Play,
Then told the Tattle of the Day,
A Duel fought last Night at Two,
About a Lady——You know who;
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome*;
Gave Hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the Weather:
Last Night was so extremely fine,
The Ladies walk'd till after Nine.
Then in soft Voice and Speech absurd,
With Nonsense every second Word,
With Fustian from exploded Plays,
They celebrate her Beauty's Praise,
Run o'er their Cant of stupid Lies,
And tell the Murders of her Eyes.

WITH silent Scorn *Vanessa* sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle Chat;

Further

Further than sometimes by a Frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down:
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their Wisdom's full extent ;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than Titles, Figure, Shape, and Dress ;
That Merit should be chiefly plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit, and Taste ;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute :
That, present Times have no Pretence
To Virtue, in the Noble Sense,
By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,
To perish for our Country's Good.
She nam'd the ancient Heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;
Then spoke with Censure, or Applause,
Of foreign Customs, Rates, and Laws ;
Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
And gracefully her Subject chang'd :
In vain ; her Hearers had no Share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their Judgment was upon the Whole,
—— That Lady is the dullest Soul ——
Then tipt their Forehead in a Jeer,
As who should say —— she wants it here ;
She may be handsome, young and rich,
But none will burn her for a Witch.

A PARTY next of glitt'ring Dames,
From round the Purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure Good-will,
To see the Girl in Deshabille.
Their Clamour 'lighting from their Chairs,
Grew louder, all the Way up Stairs;
At Entrance loudest, where they found
The Room with Volumes litter'd round,
Vanessa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilst Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head:
They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
And fell into their usual Chat,
Discourfing with important Face,
On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace;
Shew'd Patterns just from *India* brought;
And gravely ask'd, her what she thought,
Whether the Red or Green were best,
And what they cost? *Vanessa* guess'd,
As came into her Fancy first,
Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worst.
To Scandal next—What aukard Thing
Was that, last *Sunday*, in the Ring?
I'm sorry *Mopfa* breaks so fast;
I said her Face would never last.
Corinna with that youthful Air,
Is thirty, and a Bit to spare.
Her Fondness for a certain Earl
Began, when I was but a Girl.

Phyllis

Phyllis, who but a Month ago
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge Beau*,
I saw coquetting t'other Night
In publick with that odious Knight.

THEY rally'd next *Vanessa's* Dress;
That Gown was made for old *Queen Bess*.
Dear Madam, Let me set your Head;
Don't you intend to put on Red?
A Pettycoat without a Hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop;
With handsome Garters at your Knees,
No matter what a Fellow sees.

FILL'D with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,
Both of her self and Sex asham'd,
The Nymph stood silent out of Spight,
Nor wou'd vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair Detractors went,
And gave, by Turns, their Censures Vent.
She's not so handsome, in my Eyes:
For Wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most;
But why proclaim her for a Toast?
A Baby Face, no Life, no Airs,
But what she learnt at Country Fairs?
Scarce knows what Difference is between
Rich *Flanders* Lace, and *Colberteen*.
I'll undertake my little *Nancy*,
In Flounces has a better Fancy.

With

With all her Wit, I wou'd not ask
Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her Face,
She never hit one proper Place ;
Which every Girl at five Years old
Can do as soon as she is told.

I own, that out-of-fashion Stuff
Becomes the *Creature* well enough.
The Girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the World a little better.

(*To know the World !* a modern Phrase,
For Visits, Ombre, Balls and Plays.)

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame,
The *Queen of Beauty* lost her Aim,
Too late with Grief she understood,
Pallas had done more Harm than Good ;
For great Examples are but vain,
Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spite,
Against *Vanessa's* Power unite ;
To copy her few Nymphs aspir'd ;
Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd ;
So Stars beyond a certain Height
Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd
With Gifts Superior to the Crowd,
With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste and Wit,
She condescended to admit ;

With

With pleasing Arts she could reduce
 Mens Talents to their proper Use;
 And with Address each Genius held
 To that wherein it most excell'd;
 Thus making others Wisdom known,
 Could please them, and improve her own.
 A modest Youth said something new,
 She plac'd it in the strongest View.
 All humble Worth she strove to raise;
 Wou'd not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The Learned met with free Approach,
 Although they came not in a Coach.
 Some Clergy too she wou'd allow,
 Nor quarrell'd at their aukard Bow.
 But this was for *Cadenus*' sake;
 A Gownman of a diff'rent Make.
 Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s Tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
 To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.
 On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain;
 One way he knows to give her Pain:
 Vows, on *Vanessa*'s Heart to take
 Due Vengeance, for her Patron's sake.
 Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
 In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown;
 And *Cupid* hop'd they would improve
 By Time, and ripen into Love.

The

The Boy made use of all his Craft,
In vain discharging many a Shaft,
Pointed at Col'nels, Lords and Beaux ;
Cadenus warded off the Blows,
For placing still some Book betwixt,
The Darts were in the Cover fix'd,
Or often blunted and recoil'd,
On *Plutarch's* *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

THE Queen of Wisdom cou'd foresee,
But not prevent the Fates Decree ;
And human Caution tries in vain
To break that Adamantine Chain.

Vanessa, tho' by *Pallas* taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,
Was, in the very Search, betray'd.

CUPID, tho' all his Darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost ;
He could not answer to his Fame
The Triumphs of that stubborn Dame,
A Nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was Coquette nor Prude.
I find, says he, she wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her ;
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable Sires.

Cadenus is a Subject fit,
Grown old in Politicks and Wit ;

Careless'd

Carefs'd by Ministers of State,
 Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate.
 Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
 She need no Rivals apprehend.
 Her Sex, with universal Voice,
 Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

Cadenus many Things had writ,
Vanessa much esteem'd his Wit,
 And call'd for his Poetick Works !
 Mean time the Boy in Secret lurks,
 And while the Book was in her Hand,
 The Urchin from his private Stand
 Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength
 A Dart of such prodigious Length,
 It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.
 Some Lines, more moving than the rest,
 Struck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast;
 And, born directly to the Heart,
 With Pains unknown, increas'd her Smart;

Vanessa, not in Years a Score,
 Dreams of a Gown of forty-four;
 Imaginary Charms can find,
 In Eyes with Reading almost blind;
Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years,
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue,
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

What

What Mariner is not afraid,
 To venture in a Ship decay'd?
 What Planter will attempt to yoke
 A Sapling with a falling Oak?
 As Years increase, she brighter shines,
 Cadenus with each Day declines,
 And he must fall a Prey to Time,
 While she continues in her Prime.

Cadenus, common Forms apart,
 In every Scene had kept his Heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd, and writ,
 For Pastime, or to shew his Wit;
 But Time, and Books and State Affairs
 Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs;
 He now cou'd praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was Love.
 His Conduct might have made him styl'd
 A Father, and the Nymph his Child.
 That innocent Delight he took
 To see the Virgin mind her Book,
 Was but the Master's secret Joy
 In School to hear the finest Boy.
 Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new;
 Ideas came into her Mind
 So fast, his Lessons lag'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.

But

But now a sudden Change was wrought,
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such Marks of a distracted Mind;
 For tho' she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before,
 He found her Thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the Change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures;
 Which help'd to mortify his Pride,
 Yet gave him not the Heart to chide;
 But in a mild dejected Strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain:
 Said, she should be no longer teiz'd;
 Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd;
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
 To hide her from the World so long;
 And in dull Studies to engage:
 One of her tender Sex and Age.
 That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd;
 How she might shine in the *Grande-Monde*,
 And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a Nun.
 This was a visionary Scheme;
 He wak'd, and found it but a Dream;
 A Project far above his Skill,
 For Nature must be Nature still.

If

If she was bolder than became
A Scholar to a courtly Dame,
She might excuse a Man of Letters;
Thus Tutors often treat their Betters,
And since his Talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last Adieu.

VANESSA, fill'd with just Disdain,
Wou'd still her Dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early Years
To scorn the Art of Female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Time so long,
To teach her what was Right or Wrong,
Yet cou'd such Notions entertain,
That all his Lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts,
But he must answer for her Faults.
She well remember'd to her Cost,
That all his Lessons were not lost.
Two Maxims she could still produce,
And sad Experience taught her Use;
That Virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dare not own;
Can make us without Fear disclose
Our inmost Secrets to our Foes;
That common Forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble Mind.

Now, said the Nymph, I'll let you see
My Actions with your Rules agree,

That

That I can vulgar Forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise,
 I knew by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit;
 You caution'd me against their Charms,
 But never gave me equal Arms;
 Your Lessons found the weakest Part,
 Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.
 CADENUS felt within him rise
 Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprise.
 He knew not how to reconcile
 Such Language, with her usual Style:
 And yet her Words were so exprest,
 He cou'd not hope she spoke in Jest.
 His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd
 To form and cultivate her Mind.
 He hardly knew, 'till he was told,
 Whether the Nymph were Young or Old;
 Had met her in a publick Place,
 Without distinguishing her Face.
 Much less could his declining Age
 Vanessa's earliest Thoughts engage,
 And if her Youth Indifference met,
 His Person must Contempt beget.
 Or grant her Passion be sincere,
 How shall his Innocence be clear?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The World must think him in the Wrong,
 Would

Would say, He made a treach'rous Use
 Of Wit, to flatter and seduce:
 The Town wou'd swear he had betray'd,
 By Magick-Spells, the harmless Maid;
 And ev'ry Beau would have his Jokes,
 That Scholars were like other Folks:
 That when Platonick Flights were over,
 The Tutor turn'd a mortal Lover,
 So tender of the Young and Fair?
 It shew'd a true Paternal Care——
 Five Thousand Guineas in her Purse?
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse——

HARDLY at length he Silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry Word he spoke;
 Interpreting her Complaisance,
 Just as a Man *sans Consequence*,
 She rally'd well, he always knew,
 Her Manner now was something new;
 And what she spoke was in an Air,
 As serious as a Tragick Player,
 But those who aim at Ridicule
 Shou'd fix upon some certain Rule,
 Which fairly hints they are in Jest,
 Else he must enter his Protest;
 For let a Man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober Lies;
 A Science which he never taught,
 And, to be free was dearly bought:

For,

For, take it in its proper Light,
'Tis just what Coxcombs call a *Bite*.

BUT not to dwell on Things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the Dispute,
Brought weighty Arguments to prove
That Reason was her Guide in Love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His Doctrines when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His Virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
Self-Love in Nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her,
She loves herself, and that's the Matter.
How was her Tutor wont to praise
The Genius's of ancient Days!
(Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with Love, Esteem, and Awe,
For Persons whom he never saw.
Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
He must adore such God-like Men.
If one short Volume cou'd comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,
Altho' the Writer long were dead?

If

If such an Author were alive,
How all would for his Friendship strive;
And come in Crowds to see his Face?
And this she takes to be her Case.

Cadenus answers every End,
The Book, the Author, and the Friend,
The utmost her Desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach;
His Converse is a System fit
Alone to fill up all her Wit;
While ev'ry Passion of her Mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

LOVE can with Speech inspire a Mute,
And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.
This Topick, never touch'd before,
Display'd her Eloquence the more:
Her Knowledge, with such Pains acquir'd,
By this new Passion grew inspir'd.
Thro' this she made all Objects pass,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Mass;
As Rivers tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Course incline;
Or, as Philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite System to their Mind,
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.

CADENUS, who cou'd ne'er suspect
His Lessons would have such Effect,

Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her Side;
 It was an unforeseen Event,
 Things took a Turn he never meant,
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
 Appears a Hero to our Eyes;
 Each Girl when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the Teacher in her Thought:
 When Miss delights in her Spinner,
 A Fidler may a Fortune get;
 A Blockhead with melodious Voice
 In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice;
 And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art
 Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart.
 In Learning let a Nymph delight,
 The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.
 Cadenus, to his Grief and Shame,
 Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa's* Flame;
 But tho' her Arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly with them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But, sure, she never talk'd so well.
 His Pride began to interpose,
 Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux,
 So bright a Nymph to come unsought,
 Such Wonder by his Merit wrought;
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail,
 He never knew her Judgment fail.

She

She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
That Vanity's the Food of Fools;
Yet now and then your Men of Wit
Will condescend to take a Bit.

So when *Cadenus* could not hide,
He chose to justify his Pride;
Constr'ing the Passion she had shown,
Much to her Praise, more to his Own.
Nature in him had Merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious Taste.
Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
Ne'er held Possession in his Breast;
So long attending at the Gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one Passion call?
When 'tis a Compound of them all;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
In all their Equipages meet;
Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear.
Wherein his Dignity and Age
Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
But Friendship in its greatest Height,
A constant, rational Delight,
On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,
When Love's Allurements long are past;

Which gently warms, but cannot burn;
He gladly offers in return;
His want of Passion will redeem,
With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem;
With that Devotion we bestow,
When Goddeses appear below.

WHILE thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted Strains,
The Nymph in sober Words intreats
A Truce with all sublime Conceits.
For why such Raptures, Flights, and Fancies,
To her who durst not read Romances;
In lofty Style to make Replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her Tutor will affect
Devotion, Duty, and Respect,
He fairly abdicates his Throne,
The Government is now her own;
He has a Forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his Word,
And hopes he will not take it strange
If both shou'd now their Stations change.
The Nymph will have her Turn, to be
The Tutor; and the Pupil, he:
Tho' she already can discern,
Her Scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants Capacity to reach
The Science she designs to teach;
Wherein

Wherein his Genius was below
The Skill of ev'ry common Beau;
Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a Lady's Eyes;
And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

BUT what Success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the World a secret yet;
Whether the Nymph to please her Swain,
Talks in a high Romantick Strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less Seraphic Ends;
Or to compound the Business, whether
They temper Love and Books together;
Must never to Mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold,

MEAN Time the mournful *Queen of Love*
Led but a weary Life above.
She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* Conduct wise.
For tho' by one perverse Event
Pallas had cross'd her first Intent,
Tho' her Design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much Experience gain'd;
And, by the Project vainly try'd,
Cou'd better now the Cause decide.
She gave due Notice, that both Parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,

Should at their Peril without fail
Come and appear and save their Bail.
All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,
One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd,
The Judge discover'd in her Face
Resentments for her late Disgrace ;
And, full of Anger, Shame, and Grief,
Directed them to mind their Brief ;
Nor spend their Time to shew their Reading ;
She'd have a Summary Proceeding.
She gather'd under ev'ry Head,
The sum of what each Lawyer said ;
Gave her own Reasons last ; and then
Decreed the Cause against the *Men*.

BUT, in a weighty Case like this,
To shew she did not judge amiss,
Which evil Tongues might else report,
She made a Speech in open Court ;
Wherein she grievously complains,
“ How she was cheated by the Swains.”
On whose Petition (humbly shewing
That Women were not worth the wooing,
And that unless the Sex would mend,
The Race of Lovers soon must end ;)
“ She was at Lord knows what Expence,
“ To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense ;
“ A Model for her Sex design'd,
“ Who never could one Lover find.

“ She

" She saw her Favour was misplac'd ;
 " The Fellows had a wretched Taste ;
 " She needs must tell them to their Face,
 " They were a senceless, stupid Race ;
 " And where she to begin agen,
 " She'd study to reform the *Men* ;
 " Or add some Grains of Folly more
 " To *Women* than they had before.
 " To put them on an equal Foot ;
 " And this, or nothing else, wou'd do't.
 " This might their mutual Fancy strike,
 " Since ev'ry Being loves its *Like*,
 " But now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all Business to her Son ;
 " She puts the World in his Possession,
 " And let him use it at Discretion."

The Cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The Court, so made his last *O yes!*
 The Goddesses wou'd no longer wait ;
 But rising from her Chair of State,
 Left all below at Six and Sev'n,
 Harnes'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.





BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

*Imitated from the Eighth Book of
Ovid.*

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints wou'd often leave their Cells,
And strole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write,
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in *Kent* ;
Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain ;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate ;

Having

Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
 To a small Cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good honest old Yeoman,
 Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
 Who kindly did these Saints invite
 In his poor Hut to pass the Night;
 And then the hospitable Sire
 Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire;
 While he from out the Chimney took
 A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;
 And freely from the fattest Side
 Cut out large Slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em Drink,
 Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink;
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
 The good old Couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frightned to the Heart,
 And just began to cry, — What art!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view,
 Whether the Lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
 Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant;
 Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said;

130 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

No Hurt shall come to you or yours ;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd ;
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

THEY scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

THE Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

THE Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fast'ned to a Joist ;
But with the Upside down, to show
Its Inclination for below ;
In vain ; for a superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A WOODEN Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels ;
And what exalts the Wonder more,
The number made the Motion flow'r.
The Flyer tho't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;

But

But slacken'd by some secret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone;
But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd;
And still its Love to Household cares,
By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
That Roast-Meat which it cannot turn.

THE Groaning Chair began to crawl,
Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
There struck aloft in publick View;
And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

THE Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *Englisk Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A BEDSTEAD of the Antique Mode,
 Compact of Timber many a Load,
 Such as our Ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into Pews :
 Which still their ancient Nature keep,
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

THE Cottage by such Feats as these,
 Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
 The Hermits then desir'd their Host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon having paus'd a while,
 Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Style;
 Then said, my House is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still wou'd call it mine;
 I'm old and fain would live at Ease
 Make me the *Parsen*, if you please.

HE spoke, and presently he feels
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve;
 His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a fable Hue;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
 His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*;
 He smok'd his Pipe, and read the News;
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text:

At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
 And had the Servite all by Heart;
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right divine*.
 Found his Head fill'd with many'a System,
 But *Classick Authors*, — he ne'er mist 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on.
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen
 Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black Satin flounc'd with Lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at Him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years this Man and Wife;
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old Stories past,
 They went by Chance amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-Yard to take a Walk;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout!

Sprout,

BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really, yours is budding too——
 Nay, —— now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to Yews.

OLD Goodman *Dobson* of the Green
 Remembers he the Trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight;
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Prayer,
 He gathers all the Parish there;
 Points out the Place of either Yew;
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
 Till once a Parson of our Town
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
 So, the next Parson stubb'd and bunt it.





A DESCRIPTION of a CITY
SHOWER. *In Imitation of*
VIRGIL's Georg.

CAREFUL Observers may foretell the Hour
(By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r.
While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolics, and pursues her Tail no more
Returning home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine.
A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage.
Sauntering in Coffee-House is *Dulman* seen;
He damns the Climate, and complains of *Spleen*.

MEAN while the South, rising with dabbled Wings,
A sable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And like a Drunkard gives it up again.

Brisk

Brisk *Susan* whips her Linnen from the Rope,
 While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope,
 Such is that Sprinkling which some careless Queen
 Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
 You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
 To rail; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
 Not yet the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
 But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life,
 And wasted with its Foe by violent Gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was
 Dust.

Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
 When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade?
 His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain
 Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.
 Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
 To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.
 The tuck'd-up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
 While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
 Her various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
 Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
 Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.

Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clattering o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon, with frightful Din
The Leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when *Troy* Chair-men bore the wooden Steed,
Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed;
(Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
Instead of paying Chair-Men, run them thro',)
Laocoon struck the Outside with his Spear,
And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all Hues and Odours, seem to tell
What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and
Smell.

They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force
From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's*, shape their Course,
And in huge Confluent join at *Snowhill Ridge*,
Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn Bridge*,
Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dungs, Guts,
and Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in
Mud,
Dead Cats, and Turnip Tops, come tumbling
down the Flood.



A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney
 Coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
 Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own.
 The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
 Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor.
 Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
 The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
 The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
 The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
 'Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-Sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;
 And Brick-Dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half the
 Street.
 The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
 Duely let out a-nights to steal for Fees:
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;
 And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

HORACE,



HORACE, EPISTLE VII.
 BOOK I. *imitated and ad-
 dressed to the Earl of OX-
 FORD, in the Year 1713.*

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support, 1
 Returning home one Day from Court,
 (His Mind with publick Cares possess'd,
 All Europe's Business in his Breast)
 Observ'd a Parson near *Whitehall*, 5
 Cheap'ning old Authors on a Stall.
 The Priest was pretty well in Case,
 And shew'd some Humour in his Face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless Mein,
 A perfect Stranger to the Spleen; 10

1. Strenuus & fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
- Clarus ab officiis octavam circiter horam
- Dum redit. ———
5. ——— Conspexit, ut aiunt,
- Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
- Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

My

Of Size that might a Pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord, who (if a Man may say't)
 Loves Mischief better than his Meat,
 Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest, 15
 And bid Friend *Lewis* go in quest,
 (This *Lewis* is a cunning Shaver,
 And very much in *HARLEY*'s Favour)
 In quest, who might this *Parson* be,
 What was his Name, of what Degree, 20
 If possible to learn this Story,
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory* ?
LEWIS his Patron's Humour knows,
 Away upon his Errand goes,
 And quickly did the Matter sift, 25
 Found out that it was *Dr. Swift* ;
 A Clergyman of special Note,
 For shunning those of his own Coat ;
 Which made his Brethren of the Gown
 Take Care betimes to run him down. 30
 No Libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no Sort of Vice,

15. (*Demetri* puer hic non lævè jussa *Philippi*
 Accipiebat) abi, quere, & refer : Unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit Patre, quove Patrono ?
 23, 25. It, redit, & narrat, *Volteium* nomine *Mænam*.
 31. ——— Tenui cénſu, ſine crimine notum,
 Et præperare loco, & ceſſare, & quærere, & uſi,
 Gaudentem.

Went

Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat:
 In State Opinions *a la Mode*, 35
 He hated *Wh—n* like a Toad,
 Had giv'n the Faction many a Wound;
 And libell'd all the *Junta* round;
 Kept Company with Men of Wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ; 40
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street:
 But seldom rose above a Sheet;
 Of late indeed the Paper Stamp
 Did very much his Genius cramp;
 And since he could not spend his Fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

SAID HARLEY, I desire to know
 From his own Mouth, if this be so?
 Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to Day. 50
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe My Lord had sent;
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, *Your Servant, Sir.*

47. Scitari libet ex ipso quodcumque refert. Dic
 Ad coenam veniat. Nam sanè credere Mæna;
 Mirari secum tacitus.
 54. Benigne, Respondet.

Does

Does he refuse me? HARLEY cry'd:

55

He does, with Insolence and Pride.

Some few Days after HARLEY spies

The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes

At *Charing Cross*, among the Rout,

Where painted Monsters are hung out.

60

He pull'd the String, and stopt his Coach,

Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

SWIFT, who cou'd neither fly nor hide,

Came sneaking to the Chariot Side,

And offer'd many a lame Excuse;

65

He never meant the least Abuse——

My Lord——*The Honour you design'd*——

Extremely proud——*but I had din'd*——

I'm sure I never shou'd neglect——

No Man alive has more Respect——

70

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,

“ If you'll be sure to come at *Four*.

55. Negat ille mihi ?

56. ——— Negat improbus, & te
Negligit, aut horret.

57. ——— Volteium mane Philippus,
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
Occupat, & salvere jubet prior.

65. ——— Ille Philippo
Excusare laborem.———

71. ——— Sic ignovisse putato
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Post nonam venies :

The

The Doctor now obeys the Summons;
 Likes both his Company, and Commons;
 Displays his Talent, sits till Ten;
 Next Day invited comes again;
 Soon grows Domestick, seldom fails
 Either at Morning, or at Meals;
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short, the Gudgeon took the Bait.
 My LORD would carry on the Jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his Guest.
Swift much admires the Place and Air;
 And longs to be a Canon there;
 In Summer, round the Park to ride;
 In Winter, never to reside.
 A Canon! That's a Place too mean:
 No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
 Two dozen Canons round your Stall,
 And you the Tyrant o'er them all:
 You need but cross the *Irish Seas*,
 To live in Plenty, Power, and Ease,

74. Ut ventum ad cenam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva ;

81. Jubetur
 Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis arvam cœlumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare.

87. Videt, ridetque Philippus :

Poor *Swift* departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd Money in his Purse;
 Travels at least a hundred Leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless Fatigues.

SUPPOSE him, now, a *Dean* compleat,
 Devoutly lolling in his Seat;
 The Silver Virge, with decent Pride,
 Stuck underneath his Cushion Side; 100
 Suppose him gone thro' all Vexations,
 Patents, Instalments, Abjurations,
 First-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,
 Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and--Cheats.
 (The wicked Laity's contriving,
 To hinder Clergymen from thriving) 105
 Now all the Doctor's Money's spent,
 His Tenants wrong him in his Rent;
 The Farmers, spitefully combin'd,
 Force him to take his Tythes in Kind; 110
 And * *Parvisol* discounts Arrears,
 By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs.

POOR *Swift*, with all his Losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,

107. ——— Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;
 Sperni mentita seges, bes est enectus arando;

* *The Dean's Agent, a Frenchman.*

Above

Earl of OXFORD.

145

Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt, 115
Takes Horse, and in a mighty Fret,
Rides Day and Night at such a Rate,
He soon arrives at HARLEY's Gate;
But was so dirty, pale and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in, 120

SAID HARLEY, welcome Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your Worship look so lean?
Why sure you won't appear in Town,
In that old Wig, and rusty Gown?
I doubt your Heart is set on Pelf 125
So much, that you neglect your self.
What! I suppose now Stocks are high,
You've some good Purchase in your Eye;
Or is your Money out at Use? —
Truce, good my LORD, I beg a Truce. 130
(The Doctor in a Passion cry'd,)
Your Raillery is misapply'd;
I have Experience dearly bought,
You know I am not worth a Groat;

115. Offensus, Damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
Arripit iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

† *The Lord Treasurer's Porter.*

121. Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsûmque Philippus:
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris
Esse mihi.

G

But

But you resolv'd to have your Jest, 135
 And 'twas a Folly to contest ;
 Then since you have now done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.



HORACE, *Lib. 2. Sat. 6.*

Part of it imitated.

I Often wish'd, that I had clear
 For Life, six hundred Pounds a Year,
 A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
 A River at my Garden's End,
 A Terras Walk, and half a Rood 5
 Of Land set out to plant a Wood.

WELL, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my Store,

136. Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque Penates
 Obiecro, & obtestor ; vitæ me redde priori.

1. Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foiet.

7. ———— Auctius atque
 Dî melius fecere. ————

But

But shou'd be perfectly content,
 Cou'd I but live on this side *Trent* ; 10
 Nor cross the *Channel* twice a Year,
 To spend six Months with *Statesmen* here.

I M U S T by all Means come to Town,
 'Tis for the Service of the Crown.
 " *Lewis* ; the *Dean* will be of Use, 15
 " Send for him up, take no Excuse.
 The Toil, the Danger of the Seas ;
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or let it cost Five hundred Pound,
 No Matter where the Money's found ; 20
 It is but so much more in Debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" G O O D Mr. *Dean* go change your Gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to Town.
 I hurry me in Haste away, 25
 Not thinking it is Levee-Day ;
 And find his Honour in a Pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
 Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green ;
 How should I thrust my self between ? 30
 Some Wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,

17. Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

" I thought the *D—n* had been too proud,
 " To juggle here among a Croud."
 Another in a surly Fit, 35
 Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
 " So eager to express your Love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke.
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this Rebuke, 40
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the World should know.

I GET a Whisper, and withdraw
 When twenty-Fools I never saw
 Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I would stand their Friend.

TH IS, humbly offers me his Case——
 That, begs my Int'rest for a Place——
 A hundred other Men's Affairs
 Like Bees are humming in my Ears. 50
 " To morrow my Appeal comes on,
 " Without your Help the Cause is gone——
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great Affair, at Two——

35. Quid vis insane, & quas res agis? improbus urget,
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Meczenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar.——
 44. ——— Aliena negotia centum,
 Per caput, & circa saliunt latus.

" Put

" Put my Lord *Bolingbroke* in Mind, 55
 " To get my Warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider 'tis my first Request. ———
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : ———
 Then presently he falls to teize,
 " You may for certain, if you please ; 60
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew ———
 And Mr. *Dean*, one Word from you ———
 'Tis (let me see) three Years and more,
 (*October* next it will be four)
 Since *HARLEY* bid me first attend, 65
 And chose me for an humble Friend ;
 Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, " What's a-Clock ?" And, " How's the
 Wind ?"
 " Whose Chariot's that we left behind ? 70
 Or gravely try to read the Lines
 Writ underneath the Country *Signs* ;
 Or, " Have you nothing new to Day
 " From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay* ?

60. ——— Si vis ; potes, addit & instat.
 63. Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo *Mecænas* me cepit habere suorum
 In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere *rheda*
 Vellet iter faciens, & cui concedere *nugas*.

Such Tattle often entertains 75
 My Lord and me as far as *Stains*,
 As once a Week we travel down
 To *Windsor*, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-Cross*. 80

YET some I know with Envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 " How think you of our Friend the *Dean* ?
 " I wonder what some People mean ;
 " My Lord and he are grown so great, 85
 " Always together, *tête à tête*,
 " What, they admire him for his Jokes —
 " See but the Fortune of some Folks !
 There flies about a strange Report
 Of some Express arriv'd at Court, 90
 I'm stopp'd by all the Fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry Street.
 " You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great ;
 " Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat ?
 " Or do the Prints and Papers lye ? 95
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 " Ah Doctor, how you love to jest ?
 " 'Tis now no Secret — I protest

81. ——— Subjectior in diem & horam,
 Invidiæ.

89. Frigidus à Rostris manat per compita rumor ;
 Quicunque obvius est, me consulit.

'Tis one to me.——“ Then tell us, pray,
 “ When are the Troops to have their Pay? 100
 And, tho' I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my *Lord Mayor*,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest Mortal ever known.

THUS in a Sea of Folly tofs'd, 105
 My Choicest Hours of Life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
 There leaning near a gentle Brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book; 110
 And there in sweet Oblivion drown
 Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.

101. Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
 Scilicet egregii mortalem, atque silenti.
 108. O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, & inertibus horis
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ?



The HAPPY LIFE of a Coun-
try Parson. *In Imitation of*
Martial.

PARSON, these Things in thy possessing

Are better than the Bishop's Blessing.

A *Wife* that makes Conserves; a *Steed*

That carries double when there's Need:

Ozober, store, and best *Virginia*,

Tytbe-Fig, and mortuary *Guinea*:

Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd

For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:

A large Concordance, (bound long since)

Sermons to *Charles* the First, when Prince:

A Chronicle of ancient standing;

A *Chrysostom* to smoothe thy Band in:

The *Polyglott*——*three Parts*,——my *Text*,

Horobert,——*likewise*——*now to my next*,

Lo here the *Septuagint*,——and *Paul*,

To sum the whole,——the Close of all.

Happy Life of a Country Parson. 153

H E that has these, may pass his Life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his Fill;
And fast on *Fridays*, if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his Head at Doctor S——.





*A TALE of CHAUCER, lately
found in an Old Manuscript.*

WOMEN, tho' nat sans Leacherie,
 Ne swinken but with Secrecie :
 This in our Tale is plain y-fond,
 Of Clerk that wonneth in *Ireland* :
 Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then, there passen by the Way,
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway :
 Ducke in his Trowzes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
 " But ho ! our Nephew, (crieth one,)
 " Ho ! quoth another Cozen *John* ;
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out, —
 This fely Clerk full low doth lout.
 They asken that, and talken this,
 " Lo here is *Coz.* and here is *Miss.*
 But, as he glozeth with Speeches foote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse Roote :

Fore-

Fore piece and Buttons all to brest,
 Forth thrust a white Neck and red Crest.
Te-be cry'd Ladies, Clerke nought spake :
 Miss star'd : and gray Ducke crieth *Quake*.
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the Daughter,)
 " Be thilke same Thing Maids longer a'ter ?
 " Bette is to pyne on Coals and Chalke
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can *talke*.



The ALLEY. *An Imitation of*
 Spencer.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his Tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low ;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft' are heard the Notes of Infant Woe,
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream and shriller Squall :
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so ?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the Wall ;
 And as they crouchen low, for Bread and Butter call.

II.

II.

And on the broken Pavement here and there,
 Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring lie ;
 A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
 And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs are feeding by ;
 And here a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry ;
 At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons seen,
 Mending old Nets to catch the scaly Fry ;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between,
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds ; bad Neighbour-
 hood I ween.

III.

THE snappish Cur, (the Passengers annoy)-
 Close at my Heel with yelping Treble flies ;
 The whim'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming Boy,
 Join to the yelping Treble, shrilling Cries ;
 The scolding Quean to louder Notes doth rise ,
 And her full Pipes those shrilling Cries confound ;
 To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies ;
 The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
 And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep
 Base are drown'd.

IV.

HARD by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch,
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early Days

Baskets

Baskets of Fish at *Billingsgate* did watch,
 Cod, Whiting, Oyster, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaice:
 There learn'd the Speech from Tongues that never
 cease.

Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
 With *Envy*, (spitting Cat) dread Foe to Peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and all to
 Tatters.

V.

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's Hand,
 Her Mouth was black as Bull-Dogs at the Stall;
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd not Lace nor Band,
 And Bitch and Rogue her Answer was at all;
 Nay, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name would call;
 Whene'er she pass'd by a Lane or Nook,
 Would greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his Hand obscene the Porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

Such Place hath *Deptford*, Navy-building Town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of Pitch;
 Such *Lambeth*, Envy of each Band and Gown,
 And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer Scenes enrich,
 Grots, Statues, Urns, and Jo——n's Dog and
Bitch.

Ne

Ne Village is without, on either Side,
 All up the silver *Thames*, or all a down;
 Ne *Richmond's* self, from whose tall Front are ey'd
 Vales, Spires, meandring Streams, and *Windsor's*
 tow'ry Pride.



*The CAPON's Tale to a Lady
 who father'd her Lampoons upon
 her Acquaintance.*

IN *Yorkshire* dwelt a sober Yeoman,
 Whose Wife, a clean, pains-taking Woman,
 Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens,
 And saw her Cocks well serve her Hens.

A HEN she had, whose tuneful Clocks
 Drew after her a Train of Cocks;
 With Eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
 You would have sworn this Hen a Pheasant.
 All the plumb'd *Beau-monde* round her gathers;
 Lord! what a Brustling up of Feathers!
 Morning from Noon there was no knowing,
 There was such Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crowing;
 Each

Each forward Bird must thrust his Head in,
And not a Cock but would be treading.

YET tender was this Hen so fair,
And hatch'd more Chicks than she could rear.

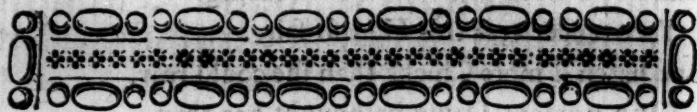
OUR prudent Dame bethought her then
Of some Dry-Dry-Nurse to save her Hen;
She made a Capon drunk; in fine
He eat the Sops, she sipp'd the Wine;
His Rump well pluck'd with Nettles flings,
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings.

THE feather'd Dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent.
Thinks he's the Hen, clocks, keeps a Pother,
A foolish Foster-Father Mother.

SUCH, Lady *Mary*, are your Tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your Chicks;
You should be better skill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, serve your Cocks.



VERSES



VERSES *wrote on a Lady's Ivory Table-Book.*

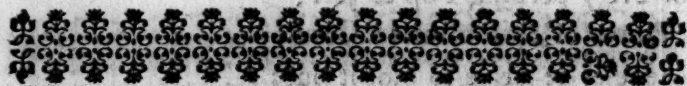
PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,
 And think thou feelt my Owner's Heart;
 Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and aslight;
 Expos'd to every Coxcomb's Eyes,
 But hid with Caution from the Wise.
 Here you may read (*Dear charming Saint*)
 Beneath (*A new Receipt for Paint* :)
 Here in Beau-spelling (*tr u tel Deth,*)
 There in her own (*far an-el breth.*)
 Here (*lovely Nymph pronounce my Doom,*)
 There (*a safe way to use Perfume* ;))
 Here a Page fill'd with Billet-Doux ;
 On t'other Side (*laid out for Shoes* :)
 (*Madam I die without your Grace,*)
 (*Item, for half a Yard of Lace.*)

Who

Who that had Wit would place it here,
 For every peeping Fop to jeer?
 In Power of Spittle, and a Clout,
 Whene'er he please to blot it out;
 And then, to heighten the Disgrace,
 Clap his own Nonsense in the Place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his Part
 In such a Book and such a Heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a Fool,
 Is in all Points the fittest Tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a Golden Pencil tipp'd with Lead.



So far as I had been, things for my Day,
 I was resolv'd to sell my Money, to the King;
 Now you must know, because my Think has vary'd,
 And Look,
 Therefore all the Money I have, which God
 Now, is a very small Stock,
 I keep in my Pocket, 'till about my Middle
 Next my Stock.



*To their EXCELLENCIES the LORDS
JUSTICES of Ireland.*

*The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a Maid if it miscarries ;*

Humbly sheweth,

THAT I went to warm my self in Lady Betty's
Chamber because I was cold,

And I had in a Purse Seven Pound Four Shillings,
and Six Pence, besides Farthings, in Money and
Gold ;

So because I had been buying Things for my Lady
last Night,

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was
right :

Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very
bad Lock,

Therefore all the Money I have, which, God
knows, is a very small Stock,

I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle,
next my Smock.

So

So when I went to put up my Purse, as God would
have it, my Smock was unript,
And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it
slipt:

Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to Bed,

And, God knows, I thought my Money was as safe
as my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel
very light,

But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord!*

I thought I shou'd have sunk outright;

Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed,
says I, never worse:

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with
my Purse!

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stir'd out of this
Place:

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Chamber,
that's a plain Case;

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However she stole away my Garters, that I might do
my self no Harm;

So I tumbled and tofs'd all Night, as you may very
well think,

But hardly ever sat my Eyes together, or slept a
Wink.

So I was a dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the Folks round,

And in a Corner of Mrs. *Dukes's* Box, ty'd in a Rag,
the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a
Swearing;

Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she, you know,
is thick of Hearing;

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, Do you
know what a Loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord * *Calway's* Folks are all
very sad;

For my Lord * *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without
fail;

Pugh! said I, but that's not the Business that I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this five
and twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such
a Thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at
my Lady *Shrewsbury's*,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time
of *Goosberries*.

* *Gallway*.

† *Drogheda*.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her
full of Grief,

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World,
I hate a Thief.)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse
silly about;

Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has
happen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a
Louse;

But the Thing I stand upon is, the Credit of the
House;

'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six
Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in
these Ages.

Now Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body un-
derstands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go
without Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing herself,) if
ever I saw't!

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her
all to naught;

So you know, what could I say to her any more;

I e'n left her, and came away as wife as I was be-
fore.

Well:

166 *Mrs. HARRIS's Petition.*

Well; but then they would have had me gone to
the Cunning Man;

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will
be here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in; Now the Servants say he
is my Sweatheart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always
take his Part;

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware,
out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a
Body's plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*
like the *Devil*)

Truly, says he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to
be more civil;

If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,
d'ye see,

You are no *Text* for my Handling, so take that from
me;

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have
you to know;

Lord, said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never
thought you so;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a
Parson's Wife,

I never took one in your Coat for a *Conjurer* in all
my Life.

With

With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope,
as who should say,

Now you may go hang your self for me, and so
went away.

Well, I thought I should have swoon'd; Lord, said
I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *Money*, and shall loose my *True-
Love* too.

Then my Lord call'd me; *Harry*, said my Lord,
don't cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss; and says my
Lady, so will I.

Oh! but said I, what if after all my Chaplain won't
come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*.) I
must petition You.

The Premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Col-
lection:

And over and above, that I may have your *Excel-
lencies* Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid; or instead
of him, a better:

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
Or the *Chaplain* (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Duty bound,
shall ever Pray.

Lady



*Lady B— B— finding in the
Author's Room some Verses un-
finished, underwrit a Stanza of
her own, with Railery upon
him, which gave Occasion to
this Ballad.*

To the Tune of the Cutpurse.

I.

ONCE on a 'Time, as old Stories rehearse,
A Friar would needs shew his Talent in *Latin*;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
Because he could find no Word to come pat in,
Then at the Place
He left a void Space,
And so went to Bed in a desperate Case.
When behold the next Morning, a wonderful Riddle,
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the Middle.

Cho:

Cho. *Let Censuring Criticks then think what they
list on't,
Who would not write Verses with such an
Assistant?*

II.

THIS put me the Friar into an Amazement,
For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,
That came thro' the Key-Hole, or in at the Casement,
And it needs must be one that could both Read
Write:
Yet he did not know
If it were Friend or Foe,
Or whether it came from above or below.
Howe'er it was civil, in Angel or Elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Cho. *Let Censuring, &c.*

III.

EVEN so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains
In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand;
He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from invisible Hand.

H

Then

Then good Dr. S—

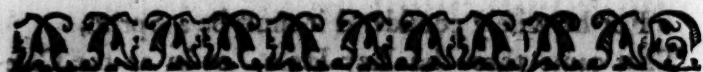
Pay Thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a dead List:

And tho' some malicious young Spirit did do't,

You may know by the Hand it had no Cloven Foot.

Cho. *Let Censuring, &c.*



V—'s HOUSE. *Built from
the Ruins of Whitehall that
was Burnt.*

IN Times of Old, when Time was Young,

And Poets their own Verses sung,

A Verse could draw a Stone or Beam

That now would over-load a Team ;

Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,

Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.

Each Number had its different Pow'r ;

Heroick Strains could will a Tow'r ;

Sonnets, or Elegies to *Chloris*

Might raise a House about two Stories ;

A Lyrick Ode would slate; a Catch
Would tile, an Epigram would thatch.

BUT to their own, or Landlord's Cost,
Now Poets feel this Art is lost;
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raise a Lodging *for a Song*.
For *Jove* consider'd well the Case,
Observ'd they grew a num'rous Race,
And should they *Build* as fast as *Write*,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their Element:
On Earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole Patron of the Building Trade,
Leaving the Wits the spacious Air
With Licence to *build Castles* There:
And 'tis conceiv'd their old Pretence
To lodge in Garrets, comes from thence.

PREMISING thus in modern Way,
The better Half we have to say;
Sing Muse the House of Poet V — —
In higher Strains than we began.

V — — (for 'tis fit the Reader know it,)
Is both a Herald and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both Capacities to build,
As Herald, he can in a Day,
Repair a *House* gone to Decay;

Or by *Atchievement, Arms, Device*,
 Erect a new one in a Trice.
 And as a Poet he has Skill
 To build in Speculation still.
 Great *Jove*! he cry'd, the Art restore,
 To build by Verse as heretofore;
 And make my Muse the Architect;
 What Palaces shall we erect!
 No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
 Lament his old *Whiteball* in Flames;
 A Pile shall from its Ashes rise,
 Fit to invade, or prop the Skies.

Jove smil'd and like a gentle God,
 Consenting with the usual Nod,
 Told V—— he knew his Talent best,
 And left the Choice to his own Breast.
 So V—— resolv'd to write a Farce;
 But well perceiving Wit was scarce,
 With Cunning that Defect supplies;
 Takes a *French* Play as lawful Prize;
 Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
 Not once suspecting *Jove* would *Smoke*;
 And (like a Wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, a *Bite*.
 Then from the motly, mingled Style
 Proceeded to erect his Pile.
 So Men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded,

Jove

Jove saw the Cheat, but thought it best
To turn the Matter to a Jest;
Down from *Olympus*' Top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his Sides;
Ay, thought the God, are these your Tricks?
Why then *old Plays* deserve *old Bricks*;
And since you're sparing of your Stuff,
Your Building shall be small enough.
He spake and grudging, lent his Aid;
Th' experienc'd Bricks that knew their Trade,
(As being Bricks at second Hand,)
Now move, and now in Order stand.

THE Building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in Proportion to his Wit;
And first a Prologue built a Wa'l,
So wide as to encompass all.
The Scene a Wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby Trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
A Cellar next was dug below;
But this a Work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under Ground,
Two other Acts we may presume
Were spent in building each a Room;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a Shift
To raise a Roof with Act the Fifth.
The Epilogue behind, did frame,
A Place not decent here to name.

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
 To see the House of Brother V—
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
 But no such House was to be found;
 One asks the Waterman hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie?
 Another of the *Thames* enquires,
 If he has seen its gilded Spires?
 At length they in the Rubbish spy
 A Thing resembling a Goose-Pye;
 Farther in haste the Poets throng,
 And gaze in silent Wonder long,
 Till one in Raptures thus began
 To praise the Pile and Builder V—.

THAT happy Poet who may trail
 Thy House about thee like a Snail;
 Or harness'd to a Nag, at Ease
 Take Journeys in it like a Chaise;
 Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Can'st make it serve thee for a Tilt.
 Capacious House! 'tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small;
 For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Isle
 May lodge within thy spacious Pile,
 Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poets feign,
 Thy Mother burnt, art born again;
 Born like a *Phoenix* from the Flame,
 But neither Bulk nor Shape the same;

The History of V——'s House. 176

As Animals of largest Size
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies;
A Type of Modern Wit and Style,
The Rubbish of an antient Pile;
So *Chymists* boast they have a Pow'r,
From the dead Ashes of a Flow'r
Some faint Resemblance to produce,
But not the Virtue, Taste, or Juice.
So modern Rhymers wisely blast
The Poetry of Ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own.



The HISTORY of V——'s House

WHEN Mother *Clud* had rose from Play,
And call'd to take the Cards away,
V—— saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted Card;
And busy both with Hand and Eye,
Soon rear'd a House two Stories high;
V——'s Genius, without Thought or Lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *Architecture*;

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
 To see the House of Brother V——
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
 But no such House was to be found;
 One asks the Waterman hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie?
 Another of the *Thames* enquires,
 If he has seen its gilded Spires?
 At length they in the Rubbish spy
 A Thing resembling a Goose-Pye;
 Farther in haste the Poets throng,
 And gaze in silent Wonder long,
 Till one in Raptures thus began
 To praise the Pile and Builder V——.

THE happy Poet who may trail
 Thy House about thee like a Snail;
 Or harness'd to a Nag, at Ease
 Take Journeys in it like a Chaise;
 Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Can't make it serve thee for a Tilt.
 Capacious House! 'tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small;
 For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Isle
 May lodge within thy spacious Pile,
 Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poets feign,
 Thy Mother burnt, art born again;
 Born like a *Phoenix* from the Flame,
 But neither Bulk nor Shape the same;

The History of V——'s House. 176

As Animals of largest Size
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies;
A Type of Modern Wit and Style,
The Rubbish of an antient Pile;
So *Chymists* boast they have a Pow'r,
From the dead Ashes of a Flow'r
Some faint Resemblance to produce,
But not the Virtue, Taste, or Juice.
So modern Rhymers wisely blast
The Poetry of Ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own.



The HISTORY of V——'s House

WHEN Mother *Glud* had rose from Play,
And call'd to take the Cards away,
V—— saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted Card;
And busy both with Hand and Eye,
Soon rear'd a House two Stories high;
V——'s *Genius*, without Thought or Lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *Architeſture*;

He view'd the Edifice and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a Child :
 It was so perfect in its Kind,
 He kept the *Model* in his Mind.

BUT when he found the Boys at Play,
 And saw them dabbling in their Clay,
 He stood behind a Stall to lurk,
 And mark the Progress of their Work ;
 With true Delight observ'd 'em all
 Raking up *Mud* to build a Wall :
 The Plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *Model* in his Table-Book ;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *House* to build ;
 A *real House*, and *Rooms*, and *Stairs*,
 Five times at least as big as theirs ;
 Taller than *Miss's* by two Yards,
 Not a sham Thing of Clay or Cards ;
 And so he did ; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous Pile,
 That no two Chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the Ground :
 Still at *Whitehall* it stands in View,
 Just in the Place where first it grew :
 There all the little School-Boys run,
 Envyng to see themselves out-done.

FROM such deep Rudiments are these,
 V—— is become by due Degrees ;

For

For Building fam'd and justly reckon'd
 At Court, *Vitruvius* the *Second*.
 No wonder, since wise *Authors* show,
 That *best Foundations* must be *low*;
 And now the *Duke* has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim*;
 But *Raillery* for once apart,
 If this *Rule* holds in ev'ry *Art*;
 Or of his *Grace* were no more skill'd in
 The *Art* of *Battering Walls* than *Building*;
 We might expect to see next *Year*,
 A *Mouse-Trap* Man chief *Engineer*.



*The Virtues of SID HAMET the
 Magician's Rod.*

THE *Rod* was but a harmless *Wand*,
 While *Moses* held it in his *Hand*;
 But soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
 'Twas a devouring *Serpent* grown.

OUR great *Magician*, *Hamet Sid*,
 Reverses what the *Prophet* did;

His *Rod* was honest *English* Wood,
 That senseless in a Corner stood,
 Till metamorphoz'd by his Grasp,
 It grew an all-devouring Asp;
 Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
 By the mere Virtue of his Fist;
 But when he *'aid it down*, as quick
 Resum'd the Figure of a Stick.

So to her Midnight Feasts the Hag
 Rides on a Broomstick for a Nag,
 That rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
 O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch;
 But with the Morning Dawn, resumes
 The peaceful State of common Brooms.

THEY tell us something strange and odd,
 About a certain Magick *Rod*,
 That, bending down its Top, divines
 Whene'er the Soil has Golden Mines;
 Where there are none, it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least Respect.
 As ready was the *Wand of Sid*
 To bend where *Golden Mines* were hid;
 In *Scottish* Hills found precious Ore,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before;
 And by a gentle *Bow* divin'd
 How well a *Cully's* Purse was lin'd;
 To a forlorn and broken *Rake*,
 Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

THE *Rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd
 For Charms above and under Ground;
 To sleep could mortal Eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed Souls to *Stryx*.
 That *Rod* was just a Type of *Sid's*,
 Which o'er a *British* Senate's Lids
 Could scatter *Opium* full as well,
 And drive as many Souls to *Hell*.

Sid's Rod was slender, white and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal;
 A PLACE was fasten'd to the Hook,
 And many Score of *Gudgeons* took;
 Yet still so happy was his Fate,
 He caught his *Fish*, and sav'd his Bait.

Sid's Brethren of the conjuring Tribe
 A Circle with their *Rod* describe:
 Which proves a magical Redoubt
 To keep *mischievous Spirits* out;
Sid's Rod was of a larger Stride,
 And made a Circle thrice as wide;
 Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din,
 And he stood there to take them in.
 But when th' enchanted *Rod* was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking Smoke.

ACHILLIS'S Scepter was of Wood,
 Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good;
 That down from Ancestors divine,
 Transmitted to the Heroes Line,

Thence

Thence thro' a long Descent of Kings,
 Came an *Heir-loom*, as *Homer* sings;
 Tho' this Description looks so big,
 That *Sceptre* was a sapless Twig;
 Which, from the fatal Day, when first
 It left the Forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Blossom bore.
Sid's Scepter, full of juice, did shoot
 In Golden Boughs, and Golden Fruit;
 And he, the *Dragon*, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair *Hesperian* Pippin.
 No *Hobby-horse*, with gorgeous Top,
 The dearest in *Charles Mather's* Shop,
 Or glitt'ring Tinsel of *May-Fair*,
 Could with this Rod of *Sid* compare,
 DEAR *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad,
 To break thy Rod like naughty Lad?
 You should have kiss'd it in your Distress,
 And then return'd it to your *Mistress*:
 Or made it a *Newmarket* Switch,
 And not a Rod for thy own Breech.
 For since old *Sid* has broken this,
 His next will be a Rod in *Piss*.



**ATLAS, or the Minister of State;
to the Lord Treasurer Oxford.**

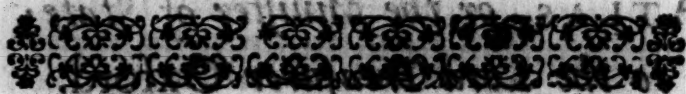
ATLAS, we read in ancient Song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the Skies upon his Back,
Just, as a Pedlar does his Pack;
But, as a Pedlar overpress'd,
Unloads upon the a Stall to rest;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a Friend to lend a Hand;
So *Atlas*, lest the pond'rous Spheres
Should sink, and fall about his Ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the Pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.

YET *Hercules* was not so strong,
Nor could have born it half so long.

GREAT Statesmen are in this Condition,
And *Atlas* is a Politician,
A premier Minister of State;
Alcides one of second Rate.

Suppose

Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
 Yet when the Weight of Kingdoms lies
 Too long upon his single Shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *Upholders*.



The Description of a SALAMANDER,
Out of Pliny's Nat. Hist. lib.
 10. C. 67. and lib. 29. C. 4.

AS Massive Dogs in modern Phrase are
 Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
 As *Pyes* and *Daws* are often styl'd
 With Christian Nick-names like a *Child*;
 As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
 Without Offence to human Shape;
 So Men have got from Bird and Brute
 Names that would best their Natures suit.
 The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
 Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
 T' express their Valour, Strength, or Wit.

For

For what is understood by *Fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *Name*?
 But e'er since Men invented Guns,
 A different Way their Fancy runs;
 To paint a Hero, we enquire
 For something that will conquer *Fire*.
 Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
 Think of a Bucket, or a Pump.
 Are these too low? — then find out *Grander*,
 Call my Lord C — a *Salamander*.
 'Tis well; — but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil Tongue,
 Who may object against the Term;
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by *Standers-by*.

FIRST then our Author has defin'd
 This Reptil of the Serpent Kind,
 With gaudy Coat and shining Train,
 But loathsome Spots his Body stain;
 Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
 When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
 Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
 Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So when the War has rais'd a Storm,
 I've seen a *Snake* in human Form,
 All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
 Leap from the Dunghill in a Trice,

Burnish

Burnish, and make a gaudy Show,
 Become a General, Peer, and Beau;
 Till Peace hath made the Sky serene,
 Then shrink into its Hole again,

*All this we grant——why then look yonder,
 Sure that must be a Salamander!*

FARTHER we are by *Pliny* told,
 This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
 So cold, that put it in the Fire,
 'Twill make the very Flames expire:
 Beside, it spews a filthy Froth,
 (Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both,)
 Of Matter purulent and white,
 Which happen'd on the Skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a Wound,
 Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd Beau,
 By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
 Whose Breath or Touch, where'er he came,
 Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame.
 And should some Nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
 Receive the Filth which he ejects;
 She soon would find the same Effects,
 Her tainted Carcase to pursue,
 As from the *Salamander's* Spue;

A dismal Shedding of her Locks;
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each By-Stander,
Is not this same a Salamander?*



*The ELEPHANT: Or, The Par-
liament Man; written many
Years since. Taken from Coke's
Institutes.*

E'ER Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The Precepts of Lord Coke peruse.

Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be;

First take a Man that's free from *Gall*;

For Elephants have none at all;

In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep;

For Elephants live just like *Sheeps*;

Stybborn in Honour he must be;

For Elephants *ne'er bend the Knee*:

La

Last let his *Memory* be found,
 In which your Elephant's profound;
 That *old Examples* from the Wise,
 May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
 In all the Form of Lawyers Wit;
 And then with *Latin*, and all that,
 Shews the Comparison is pat.

YET in some Points my Lord is wrong;
 One's *Teeth* are sold, and t'other's *Tongue*:
 Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
 Are more like *Elephants of Shotts*:
 Whose docile Memory and Sense
 Are turn'd to Trick, to gather Pence.
 To get their Master half a Crown,
 They spread their Flag, or lay it down:
 Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
 And guarded Nations from Attacks,
 Now practise ev'ry pliant Gesture
 Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Teller.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd;
 Their Elephants by Men are sold;
 Ours sell themselves, and take the Gold.



*An ELEGY on the supposed
Death of PARTRIDGE the
Almanack Maker.*

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,
Tho' we all took it for a Jest;
Partridge is dead, nay more, he dy'd
E'er he could prove the good *Squire* ly'd;
Strange, an Astrologer should die,
Without one Wonder in the Sky!
Not one of all his *Crony* Stars
To pay their Duty at his Herse?
No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd?
No Comet with a flaming Beard?
The Sun has rose and gone to Bed,
Just as if *Partridge* were not dead:
Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
To make a dreadful Night at Noon.
He at fit Periods walk'd through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly Motion varies;
And twice a Year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
As if there had been no such Matter.

188 *An Elegy on PARTRIDGE.*

SOME Wits have wonder'd what Analogy
There is 'twixt * *Cobbling* and *Astrology* :
How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* rise,
From a *Shoe-Sole*, to reach the Skies.

A *List* the Coblers Temples ties,
To keep the Hair out of their Eyes ;
From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*
That Princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore *Crowns* are now-a-days,
Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,
Which plainly shews the near Alliance
'Twixt *Cobbling* and the *Planets Science*.

BESIDES, that slow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis ?
But *Partridge* ended all Disputes,
He knew his Trade, and call'd it † *Boots*.

THE *Horned Moon*, which heretofore
Upon their Shoes the *Romans* wore,
Whose Wideness kept their Toes from Corns,
And whence we claim our *Shooing-Horns* ;
Shews how the Art of *Cobbling* bears
A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A SCRAP of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*,
(A great Refinement in *Barometry*)
Can like the Stars foretel the Weather ;
And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather* ?

* *Partridge was a Cobler.*

† *See his Almanack.*

Which

An Elegy on PARTRIDGE.

129

Which an Astrologer might use,
Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.

Thus *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
At once did practise both these Arts;
And as the boading Owl (or rather
The Bat, because her Wings are *Leather*)
Steals from her private Cell by Night,
And flies about the Candle-Light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the Dark from *Leathern* Cell,
And in his Fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

BESIDES, he could confound the *Spheres*,
And set the *Planets* by the Ears;
To shew his Skill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *Aspect Malin*;
Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
And cure the Wounds that *Venus* made.

GREAT Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* King of Greece was dead,
His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
And each Part took a different Side;
One rose a Star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each Art,
The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* Part,
And is install'd as good a Star
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

TRIUMPHANT

TRIUMPHANT Star! some Pity shew
 On Coblers militant below,
 Whom roguish Boys in stormy Nights
 Torment, by pissing out their Lights;
 Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke;
 Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke.

THOU, high exalted in thy Sphere,
 May'st follow still thy calling there.
 To thee the *Bull* will lend his Hide,
 By *Phœbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
 For thee they *Argo's* Hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy Sides for Wax.
 Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
 Her braided Hair to make thee Ends.
 The Point of *Sagittarius* Dart
 Turns to an *Awl*, by heavenly Art;
 And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his Wife,
 Will forge for thee a *Paring-Knife*.
 For want of Room, by *Virgo's* Side,
 She'll strain a Point, and sit * astride.
 To take thee kindly in between,
 And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*:

* Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.



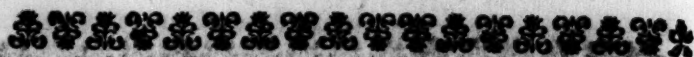


The **EPI T A P H.**

HERE, five Foot deep, lies on his Back
A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack;
Who to the Stars in pure good-Will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep all you Customers that use
His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes;
And you that did your Fortunes seek,
Step to his Grave but once a Week:
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find, has so much Virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my Ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In Physick, Stolen Goods, or Love,
As he himself could, when above.



VERSES



VERSES to be prefix'd before
BERNARD LINTOT's New
Miscellany.

SOME *Colinaeus* praise, some *Blaen*,
Others account them but so so ;
Some *Plantin* to the rest prefer,
And some esteem *Old Elzevir* ;
Others with *Aldus* would besot us ;
I for my Part, admire *Lintottus*.——
His Character's beyond Compare,
Like his own Person, large and fair.
They print their Names in Letters small,
But LINTOT stands in Capital :
Author and he, with equal Grace,
Appear and stare you in the Face :
Stephens prints *Heathen Greek*, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read :
But all that comes from *Lintot's* Hand
Ev'n *Ra——son* might understand.
Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting ;
Of *Lintot's* Books this can't be said,
All fair and not so much as read.

Their

Their Copy cost 'em not a Penny
 To *Homer, Virgil*, or to any;
 They ne'er gave *Six Pence* for *two Lines*,
 To them, their Heirs, or their Assigns;
 But *Lintot* is at vast Expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for — Sense.
 Their Books are useful but to few,
 A Scholar, or a Wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral Use are fit;
 For some Folks read, but all Folks sh—



To Mr. JOHN MOORE, Author
 of the Celebrated Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
 Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
 Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the Earth,
 Then shrinks to Earth again.
 VOL. III. I That

That Woman is a Worm we find,
 E'er since our Grandame's Evil;
 She first convers'd with her own Kind,
 That antient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-Worms name
 The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
 The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
 That flutter for a Day;
 First from a Worm they take their Rise,
 And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
 Thus Worms suit all Conditions;
 Misers are Muckworms, Silk worms Beaus,
 And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
 By all their winding Play;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah Moore! thy Skill were well employ'd,
 And greater Gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,

Who sets our Entrails free!

Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,

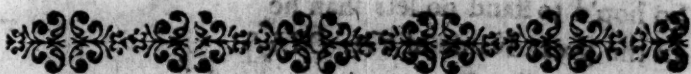
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn

Some few short Years, no more!

Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,

Who Maggots were before.



u
VERSES occasioned by an &c.
at the End of Mr. D'Urfy's
Name in the Title to one of
his Plays.*

JOVE call'd before him t' other Day

The Vowels, U, O, I, E, A,

All Diptbongs, and all Consonants,

Either of England or of France;

And all that were or wish'd to be,

Rank'd in the Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* This Accident happen'd by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a
Flourish there, which the Printer mistook for an &c.

196 *Verses occasion'd by an &c.*

FIERCE is this Cause, the *Letters* spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *Mutes* turn'd vocal;
 Those four proud Syllables alone

Were silent, which by Fates Decree
 Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
 To the sweet Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

N, by whom Names subsist, declar'd,
 To have no Place in this was hard;
 And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his Due
 Still to keep Company with *U*;
 So hop'd to stand no less than he
 In the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

E, shew'd a *Comma* ne'er could claim
 A Place in any *British* Name;
 Yet making here a perfect Botch,
 Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch;
Hiatus mi valde deflendus!

From which good *Jupiter* defend us!
 Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee,
 Than be no Part in *Tom D'Urfy*.

P, protested, puff'd, and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast;
 He was a Piece of Emperor,
 And made up half a Pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,
 For only one in *Tom Durseius*.

I, Consonant and Vowel too,
 To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
 That of his Grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* Name;
 For tho' without them both, 'twas clear,
 Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
 Yet they'd resign that Post so high,
 To be the Genitive, *Durfei*.

B and L swore bl—— and W——s.
 X and Z cry'd, P——x and Z——s,
 G swore by G——d, it ne'er should be,
 And W would not lose, not he,
 An *English* Letter's Property,
 In the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

I N short the rest were all in Fray,
 From *Chriftcross* to *Et cætera*.
 They, tho' but standers-by too, mutter'd;
 Dipthongs, and Tripthongs, swore and stutter'd,
 That none had so much Right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering T——
 T—Tom— a— as——De—Dur—fy.

THEN *Jove* thus spake; with Care and Pain
 We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme;
 Not thine, * *Immortal Neufergmain*!
 Cost studious *Cabalists* more Time.

* A Poet, who used to make Verses ending with the last Syllables of the Names of those Persons he praised: Which Voiture turn'd against him in a Poem of the same kind.

198 *Verses occasion'd by an &c.*

Yet now as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there;
Rather than Letters longer be,
Unless i' th' Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

WERE you all pleas'd, yet what I pray,
To foreign Letters cou'd I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next should aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* Name?
Should the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Sigma*,
Cou'd ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Wou'd each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
And all th' ambitious Vowels vie,
No less then *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a Place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

THEN well below'd and trusty Letters!
Con's'nants! and Vowels much the better,
WE, willing to repair this Breach,
And all that in us lies, please each;
Et cæ'tra to our Aid must call,
Et cæ'tra represents ye all;
Et cæ'tra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

PROLOGUE,



PROLOGUE, *design'd for Mr.*
Durfy's last Play.

GROWN old in Rhyme, 'twas barbarous to
discard

Your persevering, unexhausted Bard :

Damnation follows Death in other Men,

But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again.

Th' advent'rous Lover is successful still,

Who strives to please the Fair *against her Will* :

Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy,

Who in your own *Despise* has strove to please ye,

He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore :

But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.

You modern Wits, should each Man bring his Claim

Have desperate Debentures on your Fame ;

And little would be left you, I'm afraid,

If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.

From his deep Fund our Author largely draws ;

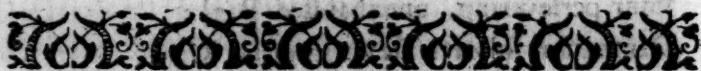
Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was.

Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made,

'Tis now for better Reasons — to be paid.

200 *Prologue to the three Hours.*

Believe him he has known the World too long,
And seen the Death of much immortal Song.
He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won,
As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.
Tho' *Tom* the Poet writ with ease and Pleasure,
The Comick *Tom* abounds in other Treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat ;
But 'tis substantial Happiness to eat —
Let Ease, his last Request be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.



*PROLOGUE to the three Hours
after Marriage.*

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious
Rules;

The great ones are thought mad, the small ones
Fools :

Yet sure the Best are most severely fated,
For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.

Blockheads with Reason Men of Sense abhor ;

But Fool 'gainst Foll, is barb'rous Civil War.

Why on all Authors then should Criticks fall ?

Since some have writ, and shewn no Wit at all.

Condemn

Prologue to the three Hours. 201

Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the *French* that
" made it.

By running Goods, these graceless Owlers gain;
Theirs are the *Rules* of *France*, the *Plots* of *Spain*;
But Wit like Wine, from happier Climates brought,
Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* common
Draught.

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly Strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our Author hope a gentle Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate.

It had been civil in these ticklish Times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes
Spaniards and *French* abuse to the World's End,
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.

If any Fool is by our Satire bit,

Let him hiss loud, to shew you all, he's hit.

Poets make Characters, as *Salesmen* Cloaths,

We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus;

But here all Sizes and all Shapes we meet,

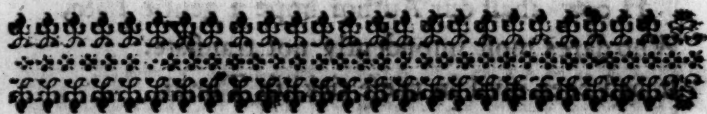
And fit your selves like Chaps in *Monmouth-Street*.

GALLANTS look here, this * *Fool's-Cap*
has an Air——

Goodly and smart, with Ears of *Iffachar*.

* Shews a Cap with Ears.

Let no one Foot engross it or confine
 A common Blessing now 'tis yours, now mine
 But Poets in all Ages had the Care
 To keep this Cap, for such as will, to wear.
 Our Author has it now, (for ev'ry Wit
 Of Course resign'd it to the next that writs)
 And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly * thrown
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.



SANDYS' GHOST: *On a proper new
 Ballad on the new Ovid's Metamor-
 phosis: as it was intended to be
 translated by Persons of Quality.*

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit,
 And Pleasure about Town;
 Read this e'er you translate one Bit
 Of Books of high Renown.

* *Flings down the Cap and Exit.*

Beware

Beware of *Latin* Authors all!
Nor think your Verses Sterling,
Tho' with a Golden Pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a *Berlin*:

For not the Desk with silver Nails,
Nor *Bureau* of Expençe,
Nor Standish well japan'd, avails
To writing of good Sense.

Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night,
With saucer Eyes of Fire,
In woful wise did fore-affright
A Wit and courtly 'Squire.

Rare Imp of *Phæbus*, hopeful Youth!
Like Puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his Mouth,
The Works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write Poetry,
That heteto was so civil;
And sell his Soul for Vanity,
To Rhyming and the Devil?

A Desk he had of curious Work,
With glitt'ring Studs about:

Within

Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
Tho' *Ovid* lay without.

Now as he scatch'd to fetch up Thought,
Forth popp'd the *Sprite* so thin;
And from the Key-Hole bolted out,
All upright as a Pin.

With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon,
And Ruff compos'd most duly;
This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon,
While as the Light burnt bluely.

Ho ! Master——, quoth *Sandys's* *Sprite*,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
To B——ll seek, or C——y.

I hear the beat of *Jacob's* Drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no Quarter !
See first the merry P——comes
In haste, without his Garter.

Then Lords and Lordings, 'Squires and Knights,
Wits, Witlings, Frigs, and Peers;
G——-th at St. *James's*, and at *White's*,
Beats up for Volunteers.

What

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom B—*n*—*t* or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Dunton, *St*—, or any one,

If Justice *Pb*—'s coſtly Head
Some frigid Rhymes diſburſes;
They ſhall like *Persian Tales* be read,
And glad both *Babes* and *Nurſes*.

Let *W--rw--k*'s Muſe with *Aſb*—*t* join,
And *L'O*—*is* with Lord *H*—*v*—'s:
T—*ll* and *Ad*—*n* combine,
And *P*—*pe* tranſlate with *J*—*v*—'s.

L—himſelf, that lively Lord
Who bows to ev'ry Lady,
Shall join with *F*—in one Accord,
And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye *Ladies* too draw forth your Pen,
I pray where can the Hurt lie?
Since you have Brains as well as Men,
As witneſs Lady *W*—*l--y*.

Now, *Tonſon*, liſt thy Forces all,
Review them, and tell Noſes;

For to poor *Ovid* shall befall
A strange *Metamorphosis*.

A *Metamorphosis* more strange
Than all his Books can vapour;
“To what, (quoth ‘Squire) shall *Ovid* change?”
Quoth *Sandys*: *Into waste Paper*.



U M B R A.

CLOSE to the Best known Author, *Um'ra* sits,
The constant Index to all *Burton's* Wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: Only *Johnson*—*Oh!*
Your Slave, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*,
Dear Rowe, *lets sit and talk of Tragedies*:
Not long, *Pope* enters, and to *Pope* he flies,
Then up comes *Steele*; he turns upon his *Heel*,
And in a Moment fastens upon *Steele*.
But cries as soon, *Dear Dick*, *I must be gone*,
For, if I know his *Tread*, here's *Addison*.
Says *Addison* to *Steele*, 'Tis time to go.
Pope to the Closet steps aside with *Rowe*.
Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd Pickle,
E'en sit him down, and writes to honest T—
FOOL! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
Know, Sense, like Charity, begins at Home.

Fragment:

Fragment of a SATIRE.

IF meagre *Geldon* draws his venal Quill,
 I wish the Man at Dinner, and sit still.
 If dreadful D——, raves in furious fret,
 I'll answer D——, when I am in Debt.
 'Tis Hunger and not Malice, makes them print,
 And who'll wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*?
 SHOULD some more sober Criticks come abroad,
 If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the Rod.
 Pains, Reading, Study are their just Pretence,
 And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.
 Commas and Points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their *Mitt*.
 In future Ages how their Fame will spread,
 For routing *Triplers*, and restoring *ed*?
 Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grace'd those Ribalds
 For sanguine *Sew* down to piddling *T*—,
 Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells,
 A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.
 Yet ev'n this Creature may some Notice claim,
 Wrapt round and sanctified with *Shakespeare's* Name
 Pretty, in Amber to observe the Forms
 Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms:

The

The Thing we know, is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil it got there.

Are others angry? I excuse them too,
Well may they rage; I gave them *but* their Due.
Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
That casting Weight, Pride adds to Emptiness;
This who can gratify? For who can guess?
The wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains, from hardbound Brains, six Lines a Year;
In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:

* *Ja——n*, who now to Sense, now Nonsense
leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning;
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
† It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
Should modest Satire bid all these *translate*,
And own that nine such Poets make a *T——te*;
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe!
How would they swear, not *Congreve's* self was
safe!

* Author of the Victim, and Cowler of Preston.

† Verse of Dr. E.

PEACE

PEACE to all such! but were there one, whose
Fires

Apollo kindled, and fair *Fame* inspires,
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;
Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful Eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend,
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd:
Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
And sits attentive to his own Applause;
While Wits and Templars e'vry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
What Pity, Heav'n! if such a Man there be,
Who would not weep, if *A——n* were he?



MACER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high Renown,
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town :
 'Twas all the Ambition his great Soul could feel,
 To wear red Stockings, and to dine with *St*——
 Some Ends of Verse his Betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless Fellow a good Word:
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
 And in a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Cr—n*.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But as the Wit to make the most of little ;
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
 Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.

* Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the Wits his Foes, but Fools his Friends.

So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
 Trudges to Town, and first turns Chambermaid ;
 Aukard and supple, each Devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good Lady twice a Day ;
 Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean Degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity* :

* He requested by publick Advertisements, the Aid of the
Ingenious, to make up a Miscellany in 1713.

In

In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own;
But just endur'd the Winter she began,
And in four Months, a batter'd Harridan,
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk
To bawd for others, and go Shares with Punk.



SYLVIA, a Fragment.

SYLVIA my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without Sense, and without Beauty charm'd,
But some odd Graces and fine Flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Her Tongue still run, on Credit from her Eyes,
More pert than witty, more a Wit than wise.
Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn,
Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born.
Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name,
A Fool to Pleasure, and a Slave to Fame;
Now coy and studious in no Point to fall,
Now all agog for D——, at a Ball;
Now with a modest Matron's careful Air,
Now her Fore Buttocks to the Navel bare.
Now deep in *Taylor* and the *Book of Martyrs*,
Now drinking Citron with his Gr—— and C——

MEN

MEN, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
 But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake.
 Frail, sev'rish Sex! their Fit now chills, now burns;
 Atheisma and Superstition rule by turns;
 And the mere Heathen in her carnal Part,
 Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart.



ARTIMESIA.

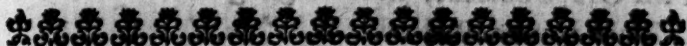
THO' *Artimesia* talks, by Fits,
 Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits;
 Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*;
 Yet in some Things methinks she fails,
 'Twere well if she would pare her Nails,
 And wear a cleaner Smock.

Haughty and huge as *Hig-Dutch* Bride,
 Such Nastiness and so much Pride
 Are odly join'd by Fate:
 On her large Squab you find her spread,
 Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
 That lies and stinks in State.

She wears no Colours (Sign of Grace)
 On any Part except her Face;

All

- All white and black beside :
 Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud,
 Her Voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her Stride.
 So have I seen, in black and white
 A prating Thing, a Magpy Height,
 Majestically stalk ;
 A stately, worthless Animal,
 That plies the Tongues, and wags the Tail,
 All Flutter, Pride, and Talk.

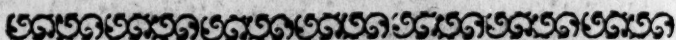


PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had Talents for Mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free Port of Trade :
 Merchants unloaded here they Fright,
 And Agents from each foreign State,
 Here first their Entry made.
 Her Learning and good Breeding such,
 Whether th'*Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsiuer*.

Obscure

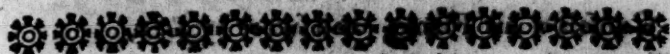
Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,
 Still changing Names. Religions, Climes,
 At length she turns a Bride;
 In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd Jades,
 And flutters in her Pride.
 So have I known those Insects fair,
 (Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,)
 Still vary Shapes and Dyes;
 Still gain new Titles with new Forms;
 First Grubs obscene, then wrigling Worms,
 Then painted Butterflies.



On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove sent and found far in a Country Scene,
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Look serene;
 From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy
 Pick'd the Demure, the Aukard, and the Coy;
 The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
 Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;
 These *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry spurious Grain
 Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

APOLLO



APPOLO Outwitted. To the
Honourable Mrs. FINCH, un-
der her Name of ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS now short'ning every Shade,
Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid,
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays
Before he durst the Nymph approach.

Under those Sacred Leaves, secure
From common Lightning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apolla* by his Looks,
And guess'd his Business e'er he spoke.

He

He in the old celestial Cant,
 Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Sisy*,
 Whate'er she would desire, to grant;
 But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
 Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
 Under Pretence of taking Air,
 To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
 As having Malice in her Heart;
 And was resolv'd upon a Tryal,
 To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said;
 Let which I please of all the Nine
 Attend whene'er I want their Aid,
 Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
 The God could not refuse her Prayer:
 He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
 Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due,
 But she the Charm already try'd,

Tbelia

Thalia heard the Call, and flew,
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this Celestial *Prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay,
Nor in her Presence durst be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away,
He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muses wait;
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Power,
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke,
Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art;
And though I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler Part.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long.
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,
May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of modest Poets be thou first,
To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,
Till *Fame* and *Eccho* almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take Renown,
 Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
 A-Whig, and one that wears a Gown.



STELLA's Birth-Day. 1718

STELLA this Day is Thirty four,
 (We shan't dispute a Year or more :)
 However, *Stella*, be not troubled,
 Altho' thy Size and Years are doubled
 Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
 The brightest Virgin on the Green.
 So little is thy Form declin'd ;
 Made up so largely in thy Mind.

Oh, would it please the Gods, to *split*
 Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit,
 No Age could furnish out a Pair
 Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair :
 With half the Lusture of your Eyes,
 With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.

And

And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle Fate,
 (That either Nymph might have her Swain,)
 To split my Worship too in twain.



STELLA's Birth-Day. 1720.

ALL Travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest Sign;
 And if they find the Chambers neat,
 And like the Liquor and the Meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The *Angel-Inn* to ev'ry Friend:
 What tho' the Painting grows decay'd,
 The House will never lose its Trade:
 Nay, tho' the treach'rous Tapster *Thomas*
 Hangs a new Angel two Doors from us,
 As fine as Dawbers Hands can make it,
 In hopes that Strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a Shame and Sin
 To quit the true old *Angel-Inn*.

Now, this is *Stella's* Case in Fact,
 An *Angel's* Face, a little crack'd;

(Could Poets or could Painters fix
How *Angels* look at Thirty fix :)
This drew us in at first, to find
In such a Form an *Angel's* Mind ;
And ev'ry Virtue now supplies
The fainting Rays of *Stella's* Eyes.
See, at her Levee crowding Swains,
Whom *Stella* freely entertains,
With Breeding, Humour, Wit, and Sense ;
And puts them but to small Expende ;
Their Mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable Bills,
So little gets for what she gives
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her Stock been less, no doubt,
She must have long ago run out.

THEN who can think we'll quit the Place
When *Doll* hangs out a newer Face ;
Or stop and light at *Cloe's* Head,
With Scraps and Leavings to be fed.

THEN *Cloe*, still go on to prate
Of Thirty fix and Thirty eight ;
Pursue your Trade of Scandal-picking,
Your Hints, that *Stella* is no Chicken ;
Your Innuendo's, when you tell us
That *Stella* loves to talk with Fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A Truth for which your Soul should grieve ;

That

That should you live to see the Day
 When *Stella's* Locks must all be grey,
 When Age must print a furrow'd Trace;
 On ev'ry Feature of her Face;
 Though you and all your senseless Tribe,
 Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe.
 To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
 And hold for ever at Fifteen;
 No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
 The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind;
 All Men of Sense will pass your Door,
 And crowd to *Stella's* at Fourscore.



STELLA's Birth-Day. A great
 Bottle of Wine, long buried, be-
 ing that Day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual Verse to pay
 By Duty bound, on *Stella's* Day;
 Furnish'd with Paper, Pens, and Ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:
 I bit my Nails, and scratch'd my Head,
 But found my Wit and Fancy fled;

K 3

Or,

Or, if with more than usual Pain,
 A Thought came slowly from my Brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much Time
 To shape it into Sense and Rhyme;
 And what was yet a greater Curse,
 Long-Thinking made my Fancy worse.

FORSAKEN by th^e inspiring Nine,
 I waited at *Apollo's* Shrine;
 I told him what the World would say
 If *Stella* were unsung to Day;
 How I should hide my Head for Shame,
 When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
 How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
 How *Sh* — the Rogue would sneer,
 And swear it does not always follow,
 That *Semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
 I have assur'd them twenty times,
 That *Phæbus* help'd me in my Rhymes,
Phæbus inspir'd me from above,
 And he and I were Hand and Glove.
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetick Licence,
 And when I brag of Aid divine,
 Think *Eusden's* Right as good as mine.
 NOR do I ask for *Stella's* Sake;
 'Tis my own Credit lies at Stake.
 And *Stella* will be sung, while I
 Can only be a Stander-by.

APOLLO

APOLLO having thought a little,
Return'd this Answer to a Tittle.

THOUGH you should live like old *Methusalem*,
I furnish Hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her Virtues half untold.
But to say Truth, such Dulness reigns
Through the whole Set of *I—risb D—ns*;
I'm daily stunn'd with such a Medley,
D—n W—, *D—n D—l*, and *D—n S—*;
That let what *D—n* soever come,
My Orders are, I'm not at Home;
And if your Voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the Crowd.

BUT, now, your Danger to prevent,
You must apply to * *Mrs. Brent*,
For she, as Priestess, knows the Rites
Wherein the God of *Earth* delights.
First, nine Ways looking, let her stand
With an old Poker in her Hand;
Let her describe a Circle round
In † *Saunders*'s Cellar on the Ground;
A Spade let prudent ‡ *Archie* hold,
And with Discretion dig the Mould;
Let *Stella* look with watchful Eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and *Grattons* by.

* *The House-Keeper.*

† *The Butler.*

‡ *The Footman.*

BEHOLD the BOTTLE, where it lies
 With Neck elated tow'rd's the Skies !
 The God of Winds and God of Fire
 Did to its wond'rous Birth conspire ;
 And *Bacchus* for the Poet's Use
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring Juice :
 See! as you raise it from its Tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious Womb,
 And in the spacious Womb contains
 A Sov'reign Medicine for the Brains.

You'LL find it soon if Fate consents ;
 If not, a thousand *Mrs. Brents*,
 Ten thousand *Araby's* armed with Spades
 May dig in vain to *Pluto's* Shades.

FROM thence a plenteous Draught infuse,
 And boldly then invoke the Muse ;
 (But first let *Robert* on his Knees
 With Caution drain it from the Lees)
 The Muse will at your Call appear,
 With *Stella's* Praise to crown the Year.



STELLA'S



STELLA'S Birth-Day. 1724.

AS when a beauteous Nymph decays
 We say, she's past her Dancing Days;
 So, Poets lose their Feet by Time,
 And can no longer dance in Rhyme.
 Your Annual Bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your Birth in Prose;
 Yet merry Folks who want by Chance
 A Pair to make a Country Dance,
 Call the old House-keeper, and get her
 To fill a Place, for want of better;
 While S—— is off the Hooks,
 And Friend D—— at his Books,
 That *Stella* may avoid Disgrace
 Once more the D—— n supplies their Place.

BEAUTY and Wit, too sad a Truth,
 Have always been confin'd to Youth;
 The God of Wit, and Beauty's Queen,
 He Twenty one, and She Fifteen;
 No Poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were like *Phœbus*, young;
 Nor ever Nymph inspir'd to Rhyme,
 Unless, like *Venus* in her Prime.

At fifty six, if this be true,
 Am I a Poet fit for you?
 Or at the Age of Forty three,
 Are you a Subject fit for me?
 Adieu bright Wit, and Radiant Eyes;
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our Fate in vain we would oppose,
 But I'll be still your Friend in Prose;
 Esteem and Friendship to express,
 Will not require Poetick Dress;
 And if the Muse deny her Aid
 To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

BUT, *Stella* say, what evil Tongue
 Reports you are no longer young?
 That *Time* sits with his Scythe to mow
 Where'erst sate *Cupid* with his Bow;
 That half your Locks are turn'd to Grey;
 I'll ne'er believe a Word they say.
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My Eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
 For Nature, always in the Right,
 To your Decays adapts my Sight,
 And Wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm ashamed to use a Glass;
 And till I see them with these Eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lies.

No Length of Time can make you quit
 Honour and Virtue, Sense and Wit,

Thue

To Mrs. M. B. sent on her Birth-Day, 227

Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *bear* than *see*:
Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her Spight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *Sight*.



*To Mrs. M. B. sent on her Birth-
Day. June 15.*

OH, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and
a Friend:

Not with those Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and Vanities that *tire*;
Not as the World its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-Age of Cards;
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Let Joy, or Ease, let Affluence, or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a Life well spent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and smile upon thy Face;

Let

Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
 Without a *Pain*, a *Trouble*, or a *Fear*:
 Till Death unfelt that tender Frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come!



SONG. *By a Person of Quality..*

I Said to my Heart, between Sleeping and Waking,
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aking,
 What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime, in
 what Nation,

By Turns has not taught thee a Pit—a—pat-
 ation?

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober Reply;
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Calia* pass by!
 Not the Beauty she has, or the Wit that she borrows,
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

When

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit so refin'd
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of Mankind;
 Whatever she says, is with Spirit and Fire;
 Ev'ry Word I attend; but I only admire,

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
 Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man in her Aim;
 'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
 Those Stars of this World are too good for the Skies.

But *Cloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care;
 When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
 The Leapings, the Aking, return all again!

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason;
 Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season;
 When so easy to guess who this Angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. H—— ne'er dreamt it was
 She?



BALLAD.



BALLAD.

OF all the Girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye;
 Oh! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin
 Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a Swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er past by *Calai*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her Cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance
 Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens;
 The King, as he at Dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *Hussar*,
 And bid him bring his *Tabby Cat*,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The Ladies-were with Rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected;

The

The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
 And Pufs her Tail erected,
 But not a Man did Look imploy,
 Except on pretty *Nelly*,
 Then said the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!

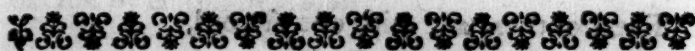
But who's that grave Philosopher,
 That carefully looks a'ter
 By his Concern it should appear,
 The Fair one is his Daughter.
May foy! (quoth then a Courtier sly,)
 He on his Child does leer too:
 I wish he has no Mind to try
 What some Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all, with one Accord,
 Broke out in *Nelly's* Praises,
 Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans fard*,
 (Which are your *Termes Francoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted Ring
 Of Dames that stood by *Nelly*;
 She like the Pride of all the Spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.
 In *Marli's* Gardens, and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,

Where

Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to View,
 Stand naked in each *Allee*:
 But *Venus* had a Brazen Face
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
 Or else she had resign'd her Place,
 And left the Stone she stood on.

Where *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
 Lord! how those Foreigners would stare:
 But I should turn *Pygmalion*:
 For spite of Lips, and Eyes and Mien,
 Me, nothing can delight so,
 As does that Part that lies between
 Her Left Toe, and her Right Toe.



ODE for Musick on the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE Longitude mist on
 By wicked *Will. Wiston*
 And not better hit on
 By good Master *Ditton*.

PITOR.

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiston*
 May both be bep-ft on;
 And *Whiston* and *Ditton*
 May both be besh-t on.

Sing *Ditton*,
 Besh-t on;
 And *Whiston*,
 Bep-ft on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiston*,
 And *Whi-on* and *Ditton*,
 Besh-t and bep-ft on,
 Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.



EPIGRAM on the Feuds about
 Handel and Bononcini.

STRANGE! all this Difference should be,
 'Twixt Tweedle-Dum, and Tweedle-Dee!

On



On Mrs. T——s.

SO bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
 As had drawn both the Beasts and their *Orpheus*
 along:
 But such is thy Av'rice, and such is thy Pride,
 That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have
 dy'd.



*TWO or THREE; or a Receipt
 to make a Cuckold.*

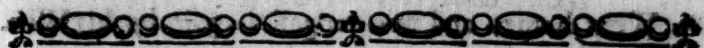
TWO or three Visits, and two or three Bows,
 Two or three civil things, two or three Vows,
 Two or three Kisses, with two or three Sighs,
 Two or three *Jesus's* and *Let-me-die's*,
 Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Towzes,
 (With two or three thousand Pound lost at their
 Houses,)
 Can never fail Cuckolding two or three Spouses.

On



*On a LADY who P — ft at the Tragedy
of CATO ; occafioned by an Epigram
on a LADY who wept at it.*

WHILE maudlin Whigs deplor'd their Cato's
Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the Tory *Celia* fate,
But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow,
The gushing Waters find a Vent below ;
Tho' fecret, yet with copious Grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
Let others ſcrew their Hypocritick Face,
She ſhews her Grief in a ſincerer Place ,
Their Nature reigns, and Paſſion void of Art,
For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

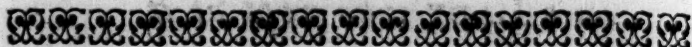


EPIGRAM, *in a Maid of Honour's
Prayer-Book.*

WHEN *Israel's* Daughters mourn'd their paſt
Offences,
They dealt in *Sackcloth*, and turn'd *Cynder-
Wenches* ;

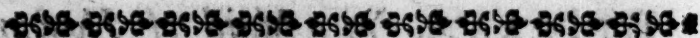
But

But *Richmond's* Fair-ones never spoil'd their Looks,
 The use white Powder and wear Holland Smocks.
 O comely Church! where Females find *clean Linen*
 As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.



EPIGRAM.

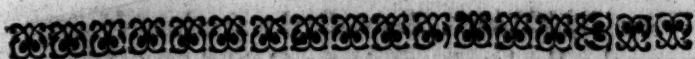
AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to the Street, and fled for his Life;
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober Advice——
 But, *Tom* is a Person of Honour so nice,
 Too wise to take Council, too proud to take Warning,
 That he sent to all three a Challenge next Morning:
 Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his Life;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.



The Balance of Europe.

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

A *Pan-*



*A Panegyric*al EPISTLE to Mr.
THOMAS SNOW, Goldsmith, near
Temple-Bar; *Occasion'd by his Buy-*
ing and Selling the Third South-Sea
Subscriptions, taken in by the
Directors at a Thousand per Cent.

DISDAIN not, SNOW, my humble Verse to hear;
Stick thy black Pen a while behind thy Ear.
Whether thy Compter shine with Sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping Hand grow black with Gold;
Whether thy Mien erect and sable Locks,
In Crouds of Brokers over-awe the *Stocks* :
Suspend the worldly Business of the Day,
And to enrich thy Mind, attend my Lay.

O thou, whose penetrative Wisdom found
The *South Sea* Rocks and Shelves where Thousands
drown'd.

When Credit sunk, and Commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st : No Bill was sent unpaid away.

When not a Guinea chink'd on * *Martin's* Boards,
And * *Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his Hoards,

Thou stood'st; (an *Indian* King in Size and Hue)

Thy unexhausted Shop was our *Peru*.

* * Names of eminent Goldsmiths.

WHY

238 *Epistle to Mr. THO. SNOW.*

WHY did *'Change-Alley* wastethy precious Hours,
Among the Fools who gap'd for Golden Show'rs?
No wonder if we find some *Poets* there,
Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;
No Wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea*
Schemes,

Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;
No Wonder, *they* there Third Subscriptions sold,
For Millions of imaginary Gold;
No Wonder, that *their* Fancies wild can frame
Strange Reasons, that a Thing is still the same
Though chang'd throughout in Substance and in
Name.

But *you* (whose Judgment scorns Poetick Flights)
With Contracts furnish Boys for Paper Kites.

LET Vulture *H*—— stretch his rusty Throat,
Who ruins Thousands for a single Groat.
I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid Mind;
Nor, with Ideal Debts, would'st plague Mankind.
Madmen alone their empty Dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting Vision true;
They sell the Treasures which their Slumbers get,
Then wake and fancy all the World in Debt,
If to instruct thee all my Reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this Moral Tale.

THROUGH fam'd *Moor-fields* extends a spa-
cious Seat,
Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat;

Where

Where wrap'd in Contemplation and in Straw
The wiser few from the mad World withdraw.
There in full Opulence a *Banker* dwelt,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt ;
His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate ;
And his proud Fancy held a vast Estate.

As on a Time, he pass'd the vacant Hours
In raising Piles of Straw and twisted Bowers ;
A *Poet* enter'd of the neighbouring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye observ'd the Structure well,
A sharpen'd Skew'r cross his bare Shoulders bound
A tatter'd Rug, which dragg'd upon the Ground.

THE *Banker* cry'd, " Behold my Castle Walls,
" My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Canals ;
" With Land of twenty Acres round !
" All these I sell thee for ten thousand Pound.

THE *Bard* with Wonder the cheap Purchase saw,
So sign'd the Contract (as ordains the Law.)

THE *Banker's* Brain was cool'd, the Mist grew
clear ;

The Visionary Scene was lost in Air.
He now the vanish'd Prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good :
Yet loth the Sum intire should be destroy'd ;

" Give me a Penny and thy Contract's void.

THE startled *Bard* with Eye indignant frown'd.

" Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts com-
pound !

So

So saying, from his Rug the Skew'r he takes,
 And on the Stick Ten equal Notches makes :
 With just Resentment flings it on the Ground ;
 There, take my Tally of Ten Thousand Pound.



The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wife Philosophers! Explain,
 What Magick makes our Money rise,
 When dropt into the *Southern* Main ;
 Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes ?
 Put in your Money fairly told ;
Presto be gone——'Tis here agen ;
 Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.
 Thus in a Basin drop a Shilling,
 Then fill the Vessel to the Brim ;
 You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous Metal seems to swim ;
 It rises both in Bulk and Height,
 Behold it swelling like a sop !
 The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
 Behold it mounted to the Top !
 In Stock Three hundred thousand Pound ;
 I have in view a Lord's Estate :

My

My Manors all contiguous round;
 A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate;
 Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,
 Puts all upon a desperate Bett;
 Then plunges in the *Southern* Waves,
 Dipt over Head and Ears ——— in Debt.
 So, by a Calenture missed,
 The Mariner with Rapture sees,
 On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed
 Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees;
 With eager Haste he longs to rove
 In that fantastick Scene, and thinks
 It must be some enchanted Grove;
 And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks,
 Two hundred Chariots just bespoke
 Are sunk in these devouring Waves,
 The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,
 And here the owners find their Graves;
 Like *Pharaoh*, by *Directors* led,
 They, with their *Speils* went safe before;
 His Chariots, tumbling out the Dead,
 Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.
 Rais'd up on *Hope's* aspiring Plumes,
 The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep,
 An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,
 And scorns the middle Way to keep;
 On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
 With *Wax* the *Father* bound them fast;
 VOL. III. L The

The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
 And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.
 His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
 He melts his *Wax* at every Flame;
 His Credit sunk, his Money spent,
 In Southern Seas, he leaves his Name.
 Inform us, You that best can tell,
 Why in your dang'rous Gulph profound,
 Where Hundreds, and where Thousands fell,
 Fools chiefly float, the Wife are drown'd?
 So have I seen from *Severn's* Brink
 A Flock of *Geese* jump down together;
 Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,
 And swimming, never wet a Feather.
 One Fool may from another win,
 And then get off with Money stor'd;
 But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweepst he Board;
 As Fishes on each other prey,
 The Great Ones swallowing up the Small;
 So fares it in the Southern Sea;
 The Whale *Directors* eat up all.
 When *Stock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second-hand their Offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen,
 With each a Million in his Coffers,
 So when upon a Moon-shine Night,
 An *Als* was drinking at a Stream:

A Cloud arose and stopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam :
The Day of Judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a Sage among the Croud ;)
An As hath swallow'd up the Moon :
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.
Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.
So *Fishes* rising from the Main,
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high ;
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.
Undone at Play the Female Troops
Come here their Losses to retrieve ;
Ride o'er the Waves in spacious Hopes,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.
Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,
As Poets feign ; but where's the Moral ?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.
A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
By Magick Vertue in the Spring,
And seems a Guinea to your View :

But as a Guinea will not pass
At Market for a Farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,
Than what it always did before ;
So cast it in the *Southern* Seas,
And view it through a *Jobber's* Bill ;
Put on what Spectacles you please,
Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.
One Night a Fool into a Brook,
Thus from a Hillock looking down,
The *Golden Stars* for Guineas took,
And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown ;
The Point he could no longer doubt,
He ran, he leapt into a Flood :
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.
Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it ;
But Gold upon this Ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.
There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,
Here all the bold Adventur'ers came,
A narrow Sound, tho' deep as Hell,
'*Change-Alley* is the dreadful Name :
Nine Times a Day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the Surface lies,
Without a Pilot, seldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

* *Now bury'd in the Depth below,*
Now mounted up to Heaven agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro
At their Wits End, like drunken M n.
Mean time secure on † *Garr'way Cliffs,*
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founde'd Skiffs,
And strip the Bodies of the Dead.
While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build them in the Seas ;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For Fools will see as wise Men please.
Thus oft by Mariners are shewn,
(Unless the Men of *Kent* are Liars,)
Earl *Godwin's* Castle's overflown,
And Palace-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.
Mark where the sly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the Shore approach too nigh !
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
To seize you in your passing by.
Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
Who taught by Instinct how to shun
The Crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.
Antæus could, by Magick Charms,
Recover Strength whene'er he fell ;

• Psalm cvii.

† *Coffee-House in Change Alley.*

Alcides held him in his Arms,
 And sent him up in Air to Hell.
 Directors thrown into the Sea,
 Recover Strength and Vigour there ;
 But may be tam'd another Way,
 Suspended for a while in Air.
 Oh ! may some Western Tempest sweep
 These Locusts whom our Fruits have fed,
 That Plague, Directors, to the Deep,
 Driv'n from the South-Sea to the Red.
 May he, whom Nature's Laws obey,
 Who lifts the Poor, and sinks the Proud,
 Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
 And still the Madness of the Crowd.
 But never shall our Isle have Rest,
 Till those devouring Swine run down,
 The Devils leaving the Possessors,
 And headlong in the Waters drown.
 The Nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
 Directors Promises but Wind,
 South-Sea at best a mighty Bubble.

*Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulaeque, & Troia gaza per
 undas. Virg.*

A BALLAD on QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the Nation free ;
When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
Without a Place or Fee ;
Than *Satan*, thinking Things went ill,
Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*.

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore ;
His Troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
And ev'ry House, go where you will,
Is haunted by the Imp *Quadrille, &c.*

III.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry Thing,
Which well court-Cards they name,
And Statesmen-like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game ;
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to lose *Codille, &c.*

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
 Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in *Cupid's Books* enroll'd,
 And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
 But now meet when and where you will,
 A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The Commoner, and Knight, the Peer,
 Men of all Ranks and Fame,
 Leave to their Wives the on'y Care
 To propagate their Name;
 And well that Duty they fulfill,
 When the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
 In comes the *Apothecary*;
 And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
 The Patient dies without a Pill,
 For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
 The *Muscovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her Neighbours proud,
 Would want both Ball and Powder;
 Must want both Sword and Gun to kill;
 For why? The General's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII. The

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,

(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath)

And made of many a Squire and Lord,

An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*;

What are their Feats of Arms and Skill?

They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,

Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes;

'Twis call'd in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*

The *Quadruple Allies*;

But some-body took something ill,

So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble Realm,

And God save eke *Hanover*;

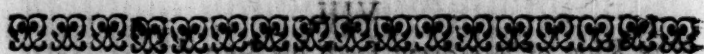
And God save those who hold the Helm,

When as the King goes over;

But let the King go where he will,

His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*,

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.



**MOLLY MOG: Or, the Fair Maid
of the Inn.**

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the Cause of your Woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a Lover?
I have seen *Molly Mog of the Rose*.
O Nephew! Your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.
I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women at best are a Clog;
But I'm not so easily frighted,
From loving offsweet *Molly Mog*.
The School-Boy's Desire is a Play-Day,
The School-Master's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-Maid's Delight is on *May Day*,
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.
Will-a-wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can set me madding,
Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.
For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gamesters will palm and will cog;

But

But I envy them none of their Riches,
 So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.
 The Heart, when half wounded, is changing;
 It here and there leaps like a Frog;
 But my Heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog;
 All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog;
 And nothing can give Satisfaction,
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.
 A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes Cupid and gives me a Jog.
 And I fill all the Paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.
 If I would not give up the three Graces,
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seems as cut out of a Log,
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In Bumpers of of *Hogan and Nogg*.

Have

Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Where *Virgil* alive, with his *Pbillis*,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his *Pbillis* and fair *Amaryllis*,
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.
 When she smiles on each Guest, like, her Liqueur,
 Then Jealousy sets me agog.
 To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.



A new Song of new SIMILIES.

MY Passion is as Mustard strong;
 I fit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or like a *March Hare*, mad,
 Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow;
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,
 I love her still the better.
 Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
 If *Molly* were but kind;
 Cool as a Cucumber could see
 The rest of Womankind.

Like

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouse before.
Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And soft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown;
But as a Groat now thin!
I melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she insensible of that,
Sound as a Top can sleep.
Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as Bottled-Ale.
The God of Love at her Approach
Is busy as a Bee,
Hearts found as any Bell or Roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.
Ay me, as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a Door-Nail
Shall I be if without her
Strait as my Leg her Shape appears:
O were we join'd together!
My Heart would be scot-free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Meiri,
 No Drum was ever tighter;
 Her Glance is as the Razor-keen,
 And not the Sun is brighter,
 As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
 Her Eyes as black as Jet;
 As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
 Her pretty Hand invites;
 Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
 Her Wit, like Pepper, bites;
 Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
 Clean as a Penny drest;
 Sweet as a Rose her Breath and Lips,
 Round as the Globe her Breast,
 Full as an Egg was I with Glee;
 And happy as a King.
 Good Lord! how all Men envy'd me!
 She lov'd like any thing,
 But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,
 Chang'd, as her Sex must do;
 Tho' seeming as the Turtle-kind,
 And like the Gospel true,
 If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru,
 Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Newgate's Garland.

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Till you grow tender as a Chick,
 I'm dull as any Post;
 Let us, like Burs, together stick,
 And warm as any Toast.
 You'll know me truer than a Dye,
 And wish me better sped;
 Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
 And as a Herring dead.
 Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.



*Newgate's GARLLAND: Being a new
 Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan
 Wild's Throat was cut from Ear to
 Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. Blake,
 alias Blueskin, the bold Highway-
 man, as he stood at his Tryal in the
 Old-Baily. 1725.*

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

YE Gallants of Newgate, whose Fingers are nice,
 In diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice,

Ye

Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,
 Ye honefter poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,
 Attend and draw near,
 Good News ye shall hear,
 How *Jonathan's* Throat was cut from Ear to
 Ear.
 How *Bleuskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at
 Ease,
 And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Bleuskin* was led,
 He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read,
 Loud rattled his Chains, near him *Jonathan* stood,
 For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.
 Then hopeless of Life,

He drew his Penknife,
 And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife,
 But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall appease,
 And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are Courtiers of highest Renown,
 Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but
 a *Crown*;
 Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament Men,
 Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:
 Let them all take their Swing,
 To pillage the King,
 And get a Blue Ribbon instead of a String.

Now

Newgate's Garland.

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Now *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning In-
ventions,

Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Pensions;
Physicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees),
To be Learned Rogues (call'd their Pilfering Fees;
Since this happy Day,

Now ev'ry Man may

Rob (as safe as in Office) upon the Highway.

For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Church Wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter
As yet only venture to steal from the Altar:

But now to get Gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the Highway, since *Jonathan's* cold.

For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Men round me may rob, if he please.

VI.

Some by publick Revenues, which pass'd thro' their
Hands,

Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dirty
Lands.

Some

Some to steal from a Charity think it a Sin,
Which, at Home (says the Proverb does always be-
gin ;)

But, if ever you be
Assign'd a Trustee,

Treat not Orphans like Masters of the Chancery,
But take the Highway, and more honestly seize,
For every Man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a Pother has here been, with *Wood* and his
Brass,

Who would modestly make a few Half-pennies pass ?
The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,
For *Diomed* changed his Copper for Gold :

But, if *Ireland* despise

The new Half-pennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road I advise.

For *Bluskin's* sharp Penknife has set thee at Ease.

And every Man round me may rob, if he please.



PROMETHEUS. *On Wood the Paten-
tee's Irish Half-Pence.*

I.

WHEN first the 'Squire and Tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely consulting *Ireland's* Good,

Together

Together mingled in a Mass
 Smith's Dust, and Copper, Lead, and Brass;
 The Mixture thus by Chimick Art
 United close in every Part,
 In Fillets roll'd, or cut in Pieces,
 Appear'd like one continu'd Species;
 And by the forming Engine struck,
 On all the same Impression stuck.

So to confound this *bated Coin*,
 All Parties and Religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French-unite,
 With equal Int'rest, equal Spight;
 Together mingled in a Lump,
 Do all in One Opinion jump;
 And ev'ry one begins to find,
 The same Impression on his Mind.

A STRANGE Event! whom *Gold incites*,
 To Blood and Quarrels, *Brass* unites:
 So Goldsmiths say, the coarsest *Stuff*
 Will serve for *Sodder* well enough:
 So, by the *Kettle's* loud Alarm,
 The *Bees* are gather'd to a *Swarm*:
 So, by the *Brazen Trumpet's* Bluster,
 Troops of all Tongues and Nations muster:
 And so the *Harp* of *Ireland* brings
 Whole Crowds about its *Brazen Strings*.

II. THE

II.

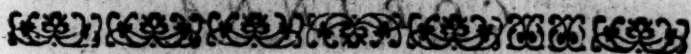
THERE is a Chain let down from *Jove*,
 But fasten'd to his Throne above;
 So strong, that from the lower End,
 They say, all human Things depend:
 This Chain, as Antient Poets hold,
 When *Jove* was Young, was made of *Gold*,
Prometheus once this Chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into *Money* Coin'd;
 Then whips me on a Chain of *Brass*,
 (*Venus* was brib'd to let it pass.)

N o w while this Brazen Chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all Devotion fail'd;
 No Temple to his Godship rais'd;
 No Sacrifice on Altars blaz'd;
 In short, such dire Confusion follow'd,
 Earth must have been in Chaos swallow'd:
Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
 With much ado the Cheat he found;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The World in any Chain but *Gold*;
 And to the God of Wealth, his Brother,
 Sent *Mercury* to get another,

III.

Prometheus on a Rock is laid,
 Ty'd with the Chain himself had made,
 On Icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
 While Vultures eat his growing Liver.

YE Pow'rs of *Grub-street* make me able,
 Discreetly to apply this Fable.
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old Thief *Prometheus* : **WOOD.**
 For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him,
 I mean his M——, *God bless him.*
 This Thief and Blacksmith was so bold.
 He strove to steal that Chain of Gold,
 (Which links the Subject to the King,)
 And change it for a Brazen String.
 But sure, if nothing else must pass
 Between the King and us but Brass,
 Altho' the Chain will never crack,
 Yet our Devotion may grow slack.
 But *Jove* will soon convert, I hope,
 This Brazen Chain into a Rope;
 With which *Prometheus* shall be ty'd,
 And high in Air for ever ride ;
 Where, if we find his Liver grows,
 For want of Vultures we have Crows.



STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH every Lady in the Land
 Soft *Strephon* kept a Pother, and
 One Year he languish'd for one Hand,
 And next Year for the other.
 Yet

Yet when his Love the Shepherd told

To *Flavia* fair and coy,

Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,

She scorn'd the gentle Boy.

Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain :

She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,

With all the Marks of high Disdain,

She'd never hear him more,

The Swain persisted still to pray,

The Nymph still to deny :

At last she vow'd she would not stay ;

He swore she shou'd not fly,

Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,

And rush'd from out the Room,

Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,

And lay with *Ralph* at Home.



CORINNA.

THIS Day, (the Year I dare not tell,)

Apollo play'd the Midwife's Part,

Into the World *Corinna* fell,

And he endow'd her with his Art.

But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes ;

Both softly to the Candle creep ;

Both

Both stroke her Hands, and rub her Gums,

While the poor Child lay fast asleep.

Then *Cupid* thus ; This little Maid

Of Love shall always speak and write :

And I pronounce, (the *Satyr* said)

The World shall feel her scratch and bite.

Her Talent she display'd betimes ;

For in twice twelve revolving Moons,

She seem'd to laugh and squawl in Rhimes,

And all her Gestures were Lampoons.

At six Years old the subtle Jade

Stole to the Pantry-Door, and found

The Butler with my Lady's Maid ;

And you may swear the Tale went round.

She made a Song, how little Miss

Was kiss'd and flobber'd by a Lad :

And how, when Master went to p—,

Miss came, and peep'd at all he had,

At twelve, a Wit and a Coquette :

Marries for Love, half Whore, half Wife,

Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in Debts :

Turns Auth'ress, and is Cruel's for Life.

Her Common Place-Book all gallant is,

Of Scandal now a *Cornucopia* :

She pours it out in an *Atlantis*,

Or *Memoirs* of the *New Utopia*.

Lhe

The QUIDNUNCKI'S: A TALE.
Occasion'd by the Death of the Duke
Regent of France.

HOW vain are Mortal Man's Endeavours!

(Said, at Dame Elleot's, Master Tr—s)

Good Orleans dead! in Truth 'tis hard:

Oh! may all Statesmen die prepar'd!

I do foresee (and for fore-seeing

He equals any Man in being)

The Army ne'er can be disbanded.

—— I wish the King were safely landed.

Ah Friends! great Changes threat the Land!

All France and England at a Stand!

There's Meroweis—mark! strange Work!

And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk——

The Pope—— An India-Merchant by,

Cut short the Speech with this Reply.

ALL at a Stand? You See great Changes?

Ah, Sir! you never saw the Ganges.

There dwell the Nations of *Quidnunki's*,

(So *Monomatapa* calls Monkies :)

• Coffee-House near St. James's.

On

On either Bank, from Bough to Bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now.)
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
And, just as Chance, or Whim provoke them,
They either bite their Friends, or stroke them.

T H E R E have I seen some active Prig
To shew his Parts, bestride a twig;
Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire,
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous Thing,
(For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
From Side to Side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his Foes and Friends by Turns.
Thus, as in giddy Freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces!
Down the swift Stream the Wretch is born;
Never, ah never, to return!

Z——ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother;
Morblue! cries one, and *Damme,* t'other.
The Nations give a gen'ral Screech,
None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
Each trembles for the publick Weal,
And, for a while, forgets to steal.

A W H I L E, all Eyes intent and steddy,
Pursue him, whirling down the Eddy.
But out of Mind when out of View,
Some other mounts the Twig anew;

M

And

And Business, on each Monkey Shore,
Runs the same Track it went before.



A Y and N O : A F A B L E.

IN Fable all things hold Discourse;

Then *Words*, no doubt, must talk of Course.

ONCE on a Time, near *Channel-Row*,
Two hostile Adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Where hast'ning to the Field of Fight,
And Front to Front stood opposite.
Before each Gen'ral join'd the Van,
Ay, the more courteous Knight, began.

STOP, peevish Particle, beware !
I'm told you are not such a Bear,
But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
Suffer yon' Folks a while to tattle ;
'Tis *We* who must decide the Battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder Stage
With various Fate, and equal Rage,
The Nation trembles at each Blow
That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No* ;
Yet in expensive long Contention,
We gain nor Office, Grant, or Pension.
Why then should *Kinsfolks* quarrel thus ?
(For, *Two* of *You* make *One* of *Us*.)

To

To some wise Statesmen let us go,
 Where each his *proper Use* may know.
 He may admit two such Commanders ;
 And make those wait who serv'd in *Flanders*.
 Let's quarter on a Great-Man's Tongue,
 A Treasury Lord, not Maister Y——g.
 Obsequious at his high Command,
 Ay shall march forth to Tax the Land
 Impeachments, No can best resist,
 And Ay support the Civil List :
 Ay ! quick as *Cæsar* wins the Day ;
 And No, like *Fabius*, by Delay.
 Sometimes in mutual sly Disguise,
 Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem I's ;
 Ay's be in Courts Denials meant,
 And No's in Bishops give consent.
 Thus Ay propos'd——And for reply,
 No, for the first time, answer'd I.
 They parted with a Thousand Kisses,
 And fight e'er since, for Pay, like *Swisses*.



PHYLLIS : or the Progress of LOVE.

DEsponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry Talent of a Prude :
 She trembled when a Man drew near ;
 Salute her and she turn'd her Ear ;

If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above you rWaste :
 She'd rather take you to her Bed,
 Than let you see her dress her Head :
 In Church you hear her, thro' the Crowd,
 Repeat the *Absolution* loud ;
 In Church secure behind her Fan,
 She durst behold that Monster, *Man* :
 There practis'd how to place her Head ;
 And bit her Lips to make them red ;
 Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
 And heave her Bosom, unaware,
 For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare,
 At length, a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame.
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer see'd,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke ;
 Guess, how could such a Match be broke ?
 See, then, what Mortals place their Bliss in !
 Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was missing.
 The Mother scream'd, the Father chid ;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid ?
 No News of *Phyl* ! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had sculk'd for Shame ;
 Because her Father us'd to say,
 The Girl *bad such a bashful Way*.

Now

New *John* the Butler must be sent,
To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went.
The Groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop*;
For, *John* must neither light, nor stop,
But find her wherefoe'er she fled,
And bring her back Alive or Dead.

SEE here again the Dev'l to do;
For, truly, *John* was missing too,
The Horse and Pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

OLD Madam, who went up to find
What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
A Letter on the Toylet sees,
To my much Honour'd Father——These.

('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
By others us'd in the like Cafes!

" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*

" Exactly said what now befel her;

" And in a *Glass* had made her see:

" A *Serving-Man* of low Degree.

" It was her Fate, must be forgiven;

" For Marriages were made in Heaven:

" His Pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,

" She'd do't if 'twere to do again.

" Thank'd God, 'twas neither Shame nor Sin,

" For *John* was come of honest Kin.

- " Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
 " *She'd beg with John from Door to Door.*
 " Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
 " *She'll never do't another Time.*
 " She ne'er before in all her Life
 " Once disobey'd him, *Maid nor Wife.*
 " One Argument she summ'd up all in,
 " *The Thing was done and past retalling ;*
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His Favour when his *Passion's over !*
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was——his *most Obedient Daughter.*

FAIR Maidens all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wandering Pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short ;
 The loving Couple well bemir'd ;
 The Horse and both the Riders tir'd ;
 Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worse ;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse ;
Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a Limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him ;
John wish'd, that he had broke a Leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg.*

BUT what Adventures more befell 'em,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em ;
 How *Johnny* wheadled, threatned, fawn'd,
 Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd :

How

The Progress of POETRY. 271

How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
In Kindness, to maintain her Spouse,
Till Swains unwholesome spoil'd the Trade ;
For now the Surgeon must be paid,
To whom those Perquisites are gone,
In Christian Justice due to *John*.

WHEN Food and Rayment now grew scarce,
Fate put a Period to the Farce,
And with exact Poetick Justice ;
For, *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess:
They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.



The Progress of POETRY.

THE Farmer's Goose, who in the Stubble,
Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble ;
Grown fat with Corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill :
And hardly waddles forth, to cool
Her Belly in the neighb'ring Pool :
Nor loudly cackles at the Door ;
For cackling shews the Goose is poor.

BUT when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,

272 *The Progress of POETRY.*

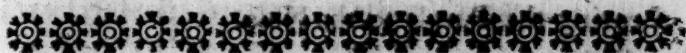
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare
 Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare :
 Her Body light, she tries her Wings,
 And scorns the Ground, and upward springs,
 While all the Parish, as she flies,
 Hear Sounds harmonious from the Skies,

 SUCH is the Poet, fresh in Pay,
 (The third Night's Profits of his Play :)
 His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill,
 Among his Brethren of the Quill :
 With good Roast Beef his Belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
 Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
 What Poet e'er could take his Fight ?
 Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat,
 What Poet e'er could sing a Note ?
 Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
 Along the high celestial Road ;
 The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth,
 To raise the Lumber from the Earth.

 BUT, view him in another Scene,
 When all his Drink is *Hippocrene*,
 His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
 His Credit out for Cheese and Ale ;
 His Two-Years Coat so smooth and bare,
 Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air ;
 With hungry Meals his Body pin'd,
 His Guts and Belly full of Wind ;

And

And like a Jockey for a Race,
His Flesh brought down to Flying-Case :
Now his exalted Spirit loaths
Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths ;
And up he rises like a Vapour,
Supported high on Wings of Paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grub-street* rings.



The Progress of BEAUTY.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her Bed,
Vapours and Steams her Looks disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd Red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled Face ;
But, by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial Face appears,
Down from her Window in the Sky,
Her Spots are gone, her Visage clears,
'Twixt earthly Females and the Moon,
All Parallels exactly run ;
If *Celia* should appear too soon,
Alas, the Nymph would be undone !!
To see her from her Pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy Steam.

274 *The Progress of BEAUTY.*

Crack'd Lips, foul Teeth, and gummy Eyes,

Poor *Strepson*, how would he blaspheme !

Three Colours, Black, and Red, and White,

So graceful in their proper Place,

Remove them to a different Light,

They form a frightful hideous Face :

For Instance, when the Lilly skips

Into the Precincts of the Rose,

And takes Possession of the Lips,

Leaving the Purple to the Nose.

So, *Celia* went entire to Bed,

All her Complexion safe and sound ;

But, when she rose, White, Black, and Red,

Tho' still in Sight, had chang'd their Ground.

The Black, which would not be confin'd,

A more inferior Station seeks,

Leaving the fiery Red behind,

And mingles in her muddy Cheeks.

But *Celia* can with Ease reduce,

By Help of Pencil, Paint, and Brush,

Each Colour to its Place and Use,

And teach her Cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more ;

But fill'd with Admiration stands,

As other Painters oft adore

The Workmanship of their own Hands;

Thus, after four important Hours,

Celia's the Wonder of her Sex :

Say,

The Progress of BEAUTY.

275

Say, which among the heav'nly Pow'rs

Could cause such marvellous Effects ?

Venus, indulgent to her Kind,

Gave Women all their Hearts could wish,

When first she taught them where to find

White Lead and * *Lusitanian* Dish.

Love with White Lead cements his Wings ;

White Lead was sent us to repair

Two brightest, brittlest, earthly Things,

A Lady's Face, and *China* Ware.

She ventures now to lift the Sash,

The Window is her proper Sphere :

Ah lovely Nymph ! be not too rash,

Nor let the *Beaux* approach too near :

Take Pattern by your *Sister* Star,

Delude at once, and bless our Sight :

When you are seen, be seen from far,

And chiefly chuse to shine by Night,

But, Art no longer can prevail,

When the Materials all are gone ;

The best Mechanick Hand must fail,

Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise Logicians say,

Cannot without a *Form* subsist ;

And *Form*, say I as well as they,

Must fail, if *Matter* brings no Gift,

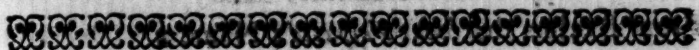
* *Portugal*.

And

276 *The Progress of* BEAUTY.

And this is fair *Diana's* Case ;
 For all Astrologers maintain
 Each Night, a Bit drops off her Face,
 When Mortals say she's in her Wane ;
 While *Partridge* wisely shews the Cause
 Efficient of the Moon's Decay,
 That *Cancer* with his pois'nous Claws,
 Attacks her in the *Milky Way* :
 But *Gadbury*, in Art profound,
 From her pale Cheeks pretends to shew,
 That Swain *Endymion* is not found,
 Or else, that *Mercury's* her Foe.
 But, let the Cause be what it will,
 In half a Month she looks so thin,
 That *Flamstead* can, with all his Skill,
 See but her Forehead and her Chin.
 Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
 'Till Midnight never shews her Head ;
 So rotten *Celia* strols the Street,
 When sober Folks are all a-bed :
 For sure if this be *Luna's* Fate,
 Poor *Celia*, but of mortal Race,
 In vain expects a longer Date,
 'To the Materials of her Face.
 When *Mercury* her Tresses mows,
 To think of Black-Lead Combs in vain ;
 No Painting can restore a Nose,
 Nor will her Teeth return again.

Ye Pow'rs, who over Love preside!
 Since Mortal Beauties drop so soon,
 If you would have us well supply'd,
 Send us *new* Nymphs with each *New* Moon.



PETHOX the Great.

FROM *Venus* born, thy Beauty shows
 But who thy Father, no Man knows,
 Nor can the skilful Herald trace
 The Founder of thy ancient Race,
 Whether they Temper, full of Fire,
 Discovers *Vulcan* for thy Sire,
 The God who made *Scamander* boil,
 And round the Margin sing'd his Soil,
 (From whence Philosophers agree,
 An equal Pow'r descends to thee.)
 Whether from War's stern God you claim
 The high Descent from whence you came,
 And, as a Proof, shew num'rous Scars
 By fierce Encounters made in Wars;
 (Those honourable Wounds you bore
 From Head to Foot, and all before.)
 And still the bloody Field frequent,
 Familiar in each Leader's Tent.

278 PETHOX the Great.

Or whether, as the Learn'd contend,
 You from the Neighb'ring *Gaul* descend;
 Or from *Parthenope* the proud,
 Where numberless thy Vot'ries crowd;
 Whether thy Great Forefathers came
 From Realms that bear *Vesputio's* Name;
 For so Conjectors would obtrude,
 And from thy painted Skin conclude.
 Whether, as *Epicurus* shows,
 The World from justling Seeds arose,
 Which mingling with prolifick Strife
 In Chaos, kindled into Life;
 So your Production was the same,
 And from contending Atoms came.

THY fair indulgent Mother crown'd
 Thy Head with sparkling Rubies round;
 Beneath thy decent Steps, the Road
 Is all with precious Jewels strow'd.
 The * Bird of *Pallas* knows his Post,
 Thee to attend where'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the Clod
 Where once their *Sultan's* Horse hath trod,
 Grows neither Grass, nor Shrub, nor Tree;
 The same thy Subjects boast of Thee.

THE greatest Lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your Livery to wear,
 In all the various Colours seen,
 Of Red, and Yellow, Blue, and Green;

* *Bubo, the Owl.*

WITH

WITH half a Word, when you require,
The Man of Bus'ness must retire.

THE haughty Minister of State
With Trembling must thy Leisure wait ;
And while his Fate is in thy Hands,
The Bus'ness of the Nation stands.

THOU dar'st the greatest Prince attack,
Can'st hourly set him on the Rack,
And, as an Instance of thy Pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden Tow'r,
With pungent Pains on ev'ry Side ;
So *Regulus* in Torments dy'd.

FROM thee our Youth all Virtues learn,
Dangers with Prudence to discern ;
And well thy Scholars are endur'd
With Temp'rance, and with Fortitude ;
With Patience, which all Ills supports,
And Secrecy, the Art of Courts.

THE glitt'ring Beau could hardly tell,
Without your Aid, to read or spell ;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a Billet-doux.

WITH what Delight, methinks, I trace
Your Blood in ev'ry Noble Race !
In whom thy Features, Shape, and Mien,
Are to the Life distinctly seen.

THE Britons, once a savage Kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,

Def.

Descendents of the barbarous *Huns*,
 With Limbs robust, and Voice that stuns;
 But you have molded them afresh;
 Remov'd the tough superfluous Flesh,
 Taught them to modulate their Tongues,
 And speak without the Help of Lungs.

Præteus on you bestow'd the Boon
 To change your Visage like the Moon,
 So sometimes half a Face produce,
 Keep t'other Half for private Use.

How fam'd thy Conduct in the Flight,
 With * *Hermes*, Son of *Pleias* bright.
 Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
 You strove for ev'ry Inch of Ground;
 Then, by a Soldierly Retreat,
 Retir'd to your Imperial Seat,
 The Victor, when your Steps he trac'd,
 Found all the Realms before him waste;
 You, o'er the high Triumphal Arch
 Pontifick, made your glorious March;
 The wond'rous Arch behind you fell,
 And left a Chasm profound as Hell;
 You in your Capitol secur'd;
 A Siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

* *Mercury.*

The

*The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch,
or the Loss of Gildrig. A
PASTORAL.*

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miss'd her pleasing Care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her Hair.
No *British* Miss sincerer Grief has known,
Her Squirrel missing, or her Sparrow flown.
She furl'd her Sampler, and hawl'd in her Thread,
And stuck her Needle into *Gildrig's* Bed;
Then Spread her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall
Her Baby, like the Giant in *Guildhall*.
In Peals of Thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow:
Yet lovely in her Sorrow still appears,
Her Locks dishevell'd, and her Flood of Tears
Seem like the lofty Barn of some rich Swain,
When from the Thatch drips fast a Show'r of Rain.

I N vain she search'd each Cranny of the House,
Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouse.
" Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily Care
" Within thy Reach I set the Vinegar!
" And fill'd the Cruet with the Acid Tide,
" While Pepper-Water Worms thy Bait supply'd;
Where

" Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook,
" And all the little Monsters of the Brook.
" Sure in that Lake he dropt; My *Grilly's*
" drown'd. ———

She dragg'd the Cruet, but no *Grildrif* found.

" VAIN is thy Courage, *Grilly*, vain thy Boast;
" But little Creatures enterprize the most.
" Trembling, I've seen thee dare the Kitten's Paw,
" Nay mix with Children, as they play'd at Taw,
" Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew;
" Marbles to them, but rolling Rocks to you.
" Why did I trust thee with that giddy Youth!
" Who from a *Page* can ever learn the Truth?
" Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Money-loving Boy
" To some Lord's Daughter sold the living Toy;
" Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play,
" As Children tear the Wings of Flies away.
" From Place to Place o'er *Bröddingnag* I'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath Eyes to trace the passing Wind?
" How then, thy fairy Footsteps can I find?
" Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
" In the green Thicket of a mossy Stone,
" Or tumbled from the Toadstool's slipp'ry Round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the Ground?
" Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely Rose,
" Or sunk within the Peach's Down, repose?

" Within

- " Within the King-Cup if thy Limbs are spread,
" Or in the golden Cowslip's Velvet Head :
" O shew me, *Flora*, midst those Sweets, the Flow'r
" Where sleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant Bow'r !
" But ah ! I fear thy little Fancy roves,
" On little Females, and on little Loves ;
" Thy Pigmy Children, and thy tiny Spouse,
" The Baby Playthings that adorn thy House,
" Doors, Windows, Chimneys, and the spacious
" Rooms
" Equal in Size to Cells of Honeycombs.
" Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the Shore,
" Thy Bark a Bean-shell, and a Straw thy Oar ?
" Or in thy Box, now bounding on the Main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thy self and House again ?
" And shall I set thee on my Hand no more,
" To see thee leap the Lines, and traverse o'er
" My spacious Palm ? of Stature scarce a Span,
" Mimick the Actions of a real Man ?
" No more behold thee turn my Watches Key,
" As Seamen at a Capstern Anchors weigh ?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious Tread,
" A Dish of Tea like Milk-Pail on thy Head ?
" How chase the Mite that bore thy Cheese away,
" And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay ?

She said ; but broken Accents stopt her Voice,
Soft as the Speaking-Trumpets mellow Noise :

She

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She sobb'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad Suns in misty Skies !
O! squander not thy Grief ; those Tears Command
To weep upon our Cod in *Newfound-Land* :
The plenteous Pickle shall preserve the Fish,
And *Europe* taste thy Sorrows in a Dish.



MARY GULLIVER to Captain
LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, sometime after his Return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the Country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late Behaviour some Estrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native
Place !

What, touch me not ? what, shun a Wife's
Embrace ?

Have I for this thy tedious Absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole Nights for thy Return ?
In five long Years I took no second Spouse ;
What *Redriff* Wife so long hath kept her Vows ?

Your

Your Eyes, your Nose, Inconstancy betray;
 Your Nose you stop, your Eyes you turn away.
 'Tis said, that thou shouldst cleave unto thy Wife;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for Life.
 Hear, and relent! hark, how thy Children moan;
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:
 Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
 The honest Number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty Paws:
 Why start you? are they Snakes? or have they Claws?
 Thy Christian Seed, our mutual Flesh and Bone:
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.

* *Biddel*, like thee, might farthest *India* rove;
 He chang'd his Country, but retain'd his Love.
 There's Captain *Pennel*, absent half his Life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his Wife.
 Yet *Pennel's* Wife is brown, compar'd to me,
 And Mistress *Biddel* sure is fifty three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me Slut:
 Was *Flimnap's* Dame more sweet in *Lilliput*?
 I've no red Hair to breathe an odious Fume;
 At least thy Consort's cleaner than thy Groom.
 Why then that dirty Stable-boy thy Care?
 What mean those Visits to the *Sorrel Mare*?
 Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Dæmon led,
 Prefer'st thou *Litter* to the Marriage Bed!

* *Names of the Sea Captains mention'd in Gulliver's Travels.*

SOME

SOME say the Dev'l himself is in that *Mare*:
 If so, our *Dean* shall drive him forth by Prayer.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possesst,
 That *Bedlam* and clean *Straw* will suit you best.
 Vain Means, alas, this Frenzy to appease!
 That *Straw*, that *Straw* would heighten the Disease.

MY *Bed* (the Scene of all our former Joys,
 Witness two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys)
 Alone I press; in Dreams I call my Dear,
 I stretch my Hand, no *Gulliver* is there!
 I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the Frost,
 Search all the House, my *Gulliver* is lost!
 Forth in the Street I rush with frantick Cries;
 The Windows open; all the Neighbours rise;
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
 The Neighbours answer, "*With the Sorrel Mare.*"

AT early Morn, I to the Market haste,
 (Studious in ev'ry Thing to please thy Taste;)
 A curious *Fowl* and *Sparagras* I chose,
 (For I remember'd you were fond of those,)
 Three Shillings cost the first, the last sev'n Groats;
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for *Oats*.

OTHERS bring Goods and Treasure to their
 Houses,
 Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spouses;
 My *only* Token was a Cup like Horn,
 That's made of nothing but a Lady's *Corn*.

'Tis

'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The *Groom* and *Sorrel Mare* preferr'd to me!

THESE, for some Moments when you deign to
quit,

And (at due Distance) sweet Discourse admit,

'Tis all my Pleasure thy past Toil to know,

For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.

At ev'ry Danger pants thy Consort's Breast,

And gaping Infant's squawl to hear the rest.

How did I tremble when by Thousands bound,

I saw thee stretch'd on *Lilliputian* Ground?

When scaling Armies climb'd up ev'ry Part,

Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart.

But when thy Torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze,

King, Queen, and Nation, staring with Amaze,

Full in my View how all my Husband came,

And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my Flame.

Those *Spectacles*, ordain'd thine Eyes to save,

Were once my Present: *Love* that Armour gave.

How did I mourn at *Bolgolam's* Decree!

For when he sign'd thy Death, he sentenc'd me.

WHEN Folks might see thee all the Country round

For Six Pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand Pound.

Lord! when the *Giant-Babe* that Head of thine

Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine!

When in the *Marrow-Bone* I see thee ramm'd,

Or on the House-top by the *Monkey* cramm'd:

The

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The piteous Images renew my Pain,
And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the *Maiden's Nipple* when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too! — with thee I mourn her Case:
Heav'n guard the gentle Girl from all Disgrace!
O may the King that one Neglect forgive,
And pardon her the Fault by which I live!
Was there no other Way to set him free!
My Life, alas! I fear prov'd Death to Thee.

O TEACH me, Dear, new Words to speak my
Flame!

Teach me to woo thee by thy best lov'd Name!
Whether the Style of *Grildeig* please thee most,
So call'd on *Brobdingnag's* stupendous Coast,
When on the Monarch's ample Hand you fate,
And hollow'd in his Ear Intrigues of State;
Or *Quinbus Flestrin* more Endearment brings;
When like a Mountain you look'd down on Kings:
If Ducal *Nardac Lilliputian* Peer,
Or *Glumglum's* humbler Title sooth thy Ear:
Nay, would kind *Jove* my Organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnbum* thro' the Nose,
I'd call the *Houyhnbum*, that high sounding Name,
Thy Childrens Noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving Spouse of Course
Endu'd with all the *Virtues* of a *Horse*.



To QUINBUS FLESTRIN, *the*
Man-Mountain. *A Lilliputian Ode.*

IN Amaze
Loft, I gaze.
Can our Eyes
Reach thy Size?
May my Lays
Swell with Praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse inspire,
All thy Fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas Head
Propt the Skies:
See! and believe your Eyes?

See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over Woods,
Over Floods.
When he treads,
Mountains Heads

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N

Groan

Groan and shake;
 Armies quake,
 Let his Spurn
 Overturn
 Man and Steed,
 Troops take Heed!
 Left and Right,
 Speed your Flight!
 Left an Host
 Beneath his Foot be lost.

III.

Turn'd aside,
 From his Hide,
 Safe from Wound
 Darts rebound.
 From his Nose
 Clouds he blows :
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks !
 When eats,
 Famine threats !
 When he drinks,
 Neptune shrinks !
 Nigh thy Ear,
 In mid Air,
 On thy Hand,
 Let me stand ;
 So shall I,
 Lofty Poet ! touch the Sky.

A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.
In the Dorick Manner.

Shepherd;

ECHO, I ween, will in the Woods reply,
And quaintly answer Question: Shall I try?

Echo; Try.

Shepherd;

What must we do our Passion to express?

Echo; Press.

Shepherd;

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?

Echo; Before.

Shepherd;

What most moves Women, when we them address?

Echo; A Dress.

Say what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?

Echo; A Door.

Shepherd;

If Musick softens Rocks, Love tunes my Lyre.

Echo; Lyar!

Shepherd;

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?

Echo; Buy her.

Shepherd;

When bought, no question, I shall be her Dear.

Echo; Her Deer.

Shepherd.

Shepherd ;

But Deer have Horns ; how must I keep her under ?

*Echo ; Keep her under.**Shepherd ;*

How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder.

*Echo ; A——se under.**Shepherd ;*

But what can glad me when she's laid on Bier ?

*Echo ; Beer.**Shepherd ;*

What must I do, when Woman will be kind ?

*Echo ; Be kind.**Shepherd ;*

What must I do when Woman will be cross ?

*Echo ; Be cross.**Shepherd ;*

Lord ! what is she that can so turn and wind ?

*Echo ; Wind.**Shepherd ;*

If she be Wind, what stills her when she blows ;

*Echo ; Blows**Shepherd ;*

But if she bang again, still should I bang her ?

*Echo ; Bang her.**Shepherd ;*

Is there no Way to moderate her Anger ?

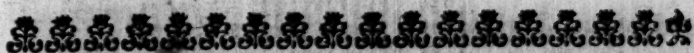
*Echo ; Hang her.**Shepherd ;*

Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy Answers tell,

What Woman is, and how to guard her well.

Echo ; Guard her Well.

EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE to a Play, for the Benefit
of the WEAVERS in Ireland.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious Age,
When Charity begins to tread the Stage ?

When Actors, who at best are hardly Savers,
Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers ?

Stay, — Let me see, how finely will it sound !

Imprimis, from his Grace, a hundred Pound.

Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors ;

And then comes in the *Item* of the Actors.

Item, the Actors freely gave a Day, —

The Poet had no more, who made the Play,

BUT whence this wond'rous Charity in Play'rs ?

They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Pray'rs.

Under the Rose, since here are none but Friends,

(To own the Truth) we have some private Ends,

Since waiting-Women, like exacting Jades,

Hold up the Prices of their old *Brocades*,

We'll dress in *Manufactures* made at home ;

Equip our *Kings* and *Generals* at the *Comb*.

We'll rig in *Meath-Street* Egypt's haughty *Queen* ;

And *Anthony* shall court her in *Ratteen*.

In *blue Shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,

And *Scipio* trail an *Irish* *Purple Plad*.

In Drugget drest of thirteen Pence a Yard,

See *Philip's* Son amidst his *Persian* Guard :

And proud *Roxana* fir'd with jealous Rage,
 With fifty Yards of Crape shall sweep the Stage.
 In short, our Kings and Princeesses within,
 Are all resolv'd the Project to begin;
 And you, our Subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the Fashions of the Court.

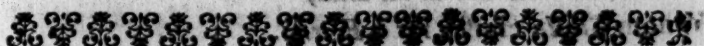
OH! cou'd I see this Audience clad in *Stuff*,
 Tho' Money's scarce we should have Trade enough:
 But *Chints*, *Brocades*, and *Lace* take all away,
 And scarce a Crown is left to see a Play;
 Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendship springs
 Between the *Weavers* and us Play-House Kings;
 But Wit and Weaving had the same Beginning:
Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning;
 And next observe how this Alliance fits,
 For *Weavers* now are just as poor as Wits;
 Their Brother Quill-Men, Workers for the Stage,
 For sorry *Stuff* can get a Crown a Page;
 But *Weavers* will be kinder to the *Players*,
 And sell for Twenty Pence a Yard of theirs.
 And, to your Knowledge, there is often less in
 The *Poet's* Wit, than in the *Player's* Dressing.

EPITAPH *on a MISER.*

BENEATH this verdant *Hillock* lies
 Demar the *Wealthy* and the *Wise*.

His

His *Heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *Carcase* in a *Chest* :
The very *Chest*, in which, they lay,
His *other self*, his *Money*, lay,
And if his *Heirs* continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that Four in Five
Will think his *better Half* alive.



To STELLA, who collected and transcribed his POEMS.

AS when a lofty Pile is rais'd,
We never hear the Workmen prais'd,
Who bring the Lime, or place the Stones ;
But all admired *Inigo Jones* ;
So if this Pile of scatter'd Rhymes
Should be approv'd in After-times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The Merit and the Praise are yours.
THOU, *Stella*, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my Harp I strung,
Without one Word of *Cupid's* Darts,
Of killing Eyes, or Bleeding Hearts :
With Friendship and Esteem possesst,
I ne'er admitted Love a Guest.

IN all the Habitudes of Life,
 The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,
 Variety we still pursue,
 In Pleasure seek for something new :
 Or else, comparing with the rest,
 Take Comfort, that our own is best,
 The best we value by the worst,
 (As Tradesmen shew their Trash at first :)
 But his Pursuits are at an End,
 Whom *Stella* chuses for a Friend.

A POET, starving in a Garret,
 Conning old Topics like a Parrot,
 Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
 And stays at home for want of Shoes :
 Shou'd but his Muse descending drop
 A Slice of Bread and Mutton-Chop,
 Or kindly when his Credit's out,
 Surprize him with a Pint of Stout.
 Or patch his broken Stockings Soals,
 Or send him in a Peck of Coals ;
 Exalted in his mighty Mind
 He flies, and leaves the Stars behind,
 Counts all his Labours amply paid,
 Adores her for the timely Aid.

OR should a Porter make Enquiries
 For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phyllis*, *Iris*,
 Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
 The Bow'rs that hold those Nymphs divine ;

Fair

Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With Footmen tippling under Ground,
The charming *Sylvia* beating Flax,
Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks;
Bright *Phyllis* mending ragged Smocks,
And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

THESE are the Goddesses enroli'd
In *Curll's* Collections, new and old,
Whose Scoundrel Fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a Poem.

TRUE Poets can depress and raise;
Are Lords of Infamy and Praise;
They are not scurrilous in Satire,
Nor will in Panegyrick flatter.
Unjustly Poets we asperse:

Truth shines the brighter clad in Verse;
And all the Fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now should my Praises owe their Truth
To Beauty, Dress, or Paint, or Youth,
What Stoicks call *without our Power*,
They could not be insur'd an Hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual Stock
That must our Expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant Shoot
Die the next Year for want of Root;
Before I could my Verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another Thing.

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his Skill
 To celebrate some Suburb Trull;
 His Similes in Order set,
 And every Crambo he could get;
 Had gone thro' all the Common-Places;
 Worn out by Wits who rhyme on Faces;
 Before he could his Poem close,
 The lovely Nymph had lost her Nose.

YOUR Virtues safely I commend,
 They on no Accidents depend;
 Let Malice look with a'l her Eyes,
 She dares not say the Poet lies.

Stella, when you these Lines transcribe,
 Lest you shou'd take them for a Bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your Pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker Side.

YOUR Spirits kindle to a Flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest Touch of Blame,
 And when a Friend in Kindness tries
 To shew you where your Error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense;
 Perverseness is your whole Defence;
 Truth, Judgment, Wit, give Place to Spite,
 Regardless both of Wrong and Right,
 Your Virtues all suspended, wait
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's Gate;
 And what is worse, your Passion bends
 Its Force against your nearest Friends;

Which

Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
 Have taught you from the World to hide;
 In vain; for see, your Friend hath brought
 To publick Light your only Fault;
 And yet a Fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble generous Mind;
 And may compare to *Etna's* Fire,
 Which, tho' with Trembling, all admire;
 The Heat that makes the Summit glow,
 Enriching all the Vales below.
 Those who in warmer Climes complain
 From *Phæbus'* Rays they suffer Pain,
 Must own, that Pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous Wines beneath the Shade.

YET when I find your Passions rise,
 And Anger sparkling in your Eyes,
 I grieve those Spirits should be spent,
 For nobler Ends by Nature meant.
 One Passion with a diff'rent Turn,
 Makes Wit inflame, or Anger burn;
 So the Sun's Heat, with different Powrs,
 Ripens the Grape, the Liquor sours.
 Thus *Ajax*, when with Rage possess'd
 By *Pallas* breath'd into his Breast,
 His Valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
 But blinded by Resentment, seeks
 For Vengeance on his Friends the *Greeks*.

You think this Turbulence of Blood
From stagnating preserves the Flood :
Which thus fermenting, by Degrees
Exalts the Spirits, sinks the Lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong ;
For shou'd this Ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but Acid left behind.
From Passion you may then be freed,
When Peevishness and Spleen succeed.

Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the Text ?
Dare you let these Reproaches stand,
And to your Failing set your Hand ?
Or if these Lines your Anger fire,
Shall they in baser Flames expire ?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must ;
They'll prove my Accusation just.

ON DREAMS, an Imitation of
PETRONIUS.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent Night intrude,
And with false flitting Shades our Minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the Skies,
Nor can they from infernal Mansions rise ;

But

But all are meer Productions of the Brain,
And Fools consult Interpreters in vain.

FOR, when in Bed we rest our weary Limbs,
The Mind unburthen'd sports in various Whims,
The busy Head with mimick Arts runs o'er
The Scenes and Actions of the Day before.

THE drowfy Tyrant, by his Minions led,
To regal Rage devotes some Patriot's Head.
With equal Terrors, not with equal Guilt,
The Murd'rer dreams of all the Blood he spilt.

THE Soldier smiling hears the Widow's Cries,
And stabs the Son before the Mother's Eyes.
With like Remorse his Brother of the Trade,
The Butcher sells the Lamb beneath his Blade.

THE Statesman rakes the Town to find a Plot,
And dreams of Forfeitures by Treason got.
Nor less Tom T---d--Man of true Statesmen Mold,
Collects the City Filth in search of Gold.

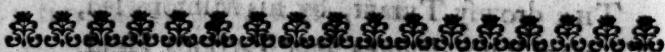
ORPHANS around his Bed the Lawyer sees,
And takes the Plaintiff's and Defendant's Fees,
His Fellow Pick-Purse, watching for a Job,
Fancies his Fingers in the Cully's Fob.

THE kind Physician grants the Husband's Prayers,
Or gives Relief to long expecting Heirs.
The sleeping Hangman ties the fatal Noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead Mens Shoes.

THE grave Divine, with knotty Points perplex,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his Text.

While

While the fly Mountabank attends his Trade,
 Harangues the Rabble, and is better paid.
 • THE hireling Senator of modern Days,
 Bedaubs the Guilty Great with nauseous Praise:
 And *Dick* the Scavenger with equal Grace,
 Flirts from his Cart the Mud in —'s Face.



To STELLA, *Visiting me in my*
Sickness, October, 1727.

PALLAS observing *Stella's* Wit
 Was more than for her Sex was fit;
 And that her Beauty soon or late,
 Might breed Confusion in the State,
 In high Concern for human Kind,
 Fixt Honour in her Infant Mind.

BUT, (not in Wranglings to engage
 With such a stupid vicious Age)
 If Honour I would here define,
 It answers Faith in Things divine.
 As nat'ral Life the Body warms,
 And, Scholars teach, the Soul informs;
 So Honour animates the Whole,
 And is the Spirit of the Soul.

THOSE numerous Virtues which the Tribe
 Of tedious Moralists describe,
 And by such various Titles call,
 True Honour comprehends them all. Let

Let Melancholy rule supreme,
 Choler preside, or Blood, or Phlegm,
 It makes no Difference in the Case,
 Nor is Complexion Honour's Place.

BUT, lest we should for Honour take
 The drunken Quarrels of a Rake,
 Or think it seated in a Scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal Car,
 Or in the Payment of a Debt
 We lose with Sharpers at Picquet;
 Or, when a Whore in her Vocation,
 Keeps punctual to an Affignation;
 Or that on which his Lordship swears,
 When vulgar Knaves would lose their Ears:
 Let *Stella's* fair Example preach
 A Lesson she alone can teach.

IN points of Honour to be try'd,
 All Passions must be laid aside;
 Ask no Advice, but think alone,
 Suppose the Question not your own;
 How shall I act? is not the Case,
 But how would *Brutus* in my Place;
 In such a Cause would *Cato* bleed;
 And how would *Socrates* proceed?

DRIVE all Objections from your Mind,
 Else you relapse to Human Kind;
 Ambition, Avarice, and Lust,
 And factious Rage, and Breach of Trust,

And

And Flatt'ry tipt with nauseous Fleece,
 And guilt and Shame, and servile Fear,
 Envy, and Cruelty, and Pride,
 Will in your tainted Heart preside.

HEROES and Heroins of old,
 By Honour only were enroll'd
 Among their Brethren in the Skies,
 To which (though late) shall *Stella* rise.
 Ten thousand Oaths upon Record,
 Are not so sacred as her Word;
 The World shall in its Atoms end,
 E'er *Stella* can deceive a Friend.
 By Honour seated in her Breast,
 She still determines what is best;
 What Indignation in her Mind
 Against Enslavers of Mankind!
 Base Kings and Ministers of State,
 Eternal Objects of her Hate.

SHE thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to Man alone confin'd;
 Can Cowardice her Sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to Scorn;
 She wonders where the Charm appears
 In *Florimel's* affected Fears;
 For *Stella* never learn'd the Art,
 At proper Times to scream and start;
 Nor calls up all the House at Night,
 And swears she saw a Thing in White.

Doll

Doll néver flies to cut her Lace,
Or throw cold Water in her Face,
Because she heard a sudden Drum,
Or found an Earwig in a Plum.

HER Hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that Fund of Wit and Sense ;
Which though her Modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the Sun behind a Cloud,
While Gracefulness its Art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry Motion steals.

SAY, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And forming you, mistook your Kind?
No ; 'Twas for you alone he stole
The Fire that forms a manly Soul ;
Then to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with Female Clay,
To that you owe the nobler Flame,
To this, the Beauty of your Frame.

How would Ingratitude delight ?
And, how would Censure glut her Spight ?
If I should *Stella's* Kindness hide
In silence, or forget with Pride,
When on my sickly Couch I lay,
Impatient both of Night and Day,
Lamenting in unmanly Strains,
Call'd ev'ry Power to ease my Pains,
Then *Stella* ran to my Relief
With chearful Face, and inward Grief ;

And

And tho' by Heaven's severe Decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel Master could require
 From Slaves employ'd for daily Hire
 What *Stella* by her Friendship warm'd,
 With Vigour and Delight perform'd.
 My sinking Spirits now supplies
 With Cordials in her Hands, and Eyes.
 Now with a soft and silent Tread,
 Unheard she moves about my Bed,
 I see her taste each nauseous Draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the Hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my Face for Shame.

BEST Pattern of true Friends, beware:
 You pay too dearly for your Care;
 If while your Tenderness secures
 My Life, it must endanger yours.
 For such a Fool was never found,
 Who pul'd a Palace to the Ground,
 Only to have the Ruins made
 Materials for an House decay'd.

STELLA's *Birth-Day*, March 13. 1724.

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with Joy by me;
 This Day then, let us not be told,
 That you are sick, and I grown old,

Nor

Nor think on our approaching Ills,
 And talk of Spectacles and Pills;
 To morrow will be Time enough
 To hear such mortifying Stuff.
 Yet, since from Reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing Thought,
 Which can, in spite of all Decays,
 Support a few remaining Days:
 From not the gravest of Divines,
 Accept for once some serious Lines.

ALTHO' we now can form no more
 Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore;
 Yet you, while Time is running fast,
 Can look with Joy on what is past.

WERE future Happiness and Pain
 A mere Contrivance of the Brain,
 As Atheists argue, to entice,
 And fit their Profelytes for Vice,
 (The only Comfort they propose,
 To have Companions in their Woes.)
 Grant this the Case; yet sure 'tis hard,
 That Virtue, styl'd its own Reward,
 And by all Sages understood
 To be the chief of human Good,
 Should acting, die, or leave behind
 Some lasting Pleasure in the Mind,
 Which by Remembrance will assuage,
 Grief, Sicknefs, Poverty, and Age;

And

308 *STELLA's Birth-Day.*

And strongly shoot a radiant Dart,
To shine thro' Life's declining Part.

SAY, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
Reflecting on a Life well spent ?
Your skillful Hand employ'd to save
Despairing Wretches from the Grave ;
And then supporting with your Store,
Those whom you dragg'd from Death before :
(So Providence on Mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates,
You gen'rous Boldness to defend
An innocent and absent Friend ;
That Courage which can make you just,
To Merit humbled in the Dust ;
The Detestation you express
For Vice in all its glittering Dress :
That Patience under tort'ring Pain,
Where stubborn Stoicks would complain.

MUST these like empty Shadows pass,
Or Forms reflected from a Glass ?
Or mere Chimæra's in the Mind,
That fly and leave no Marks behind ?
Does not the Body thrive and grow
By Food of twenty Years ago :
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand Times have dy'd.
Then, who with Reason can maintain,
That no Effects of Food remain ?

And,

And, is not Virtue in Mankind
The Nutriment that feeds the Mind ?
Upheld by each good Action past,
And still continued by the last :
Then, who with Reason can pretend,
That all Effects of Virtue end ?

BELIEVE me, *Stella*, when you show
That true Contempt for things below,
Nor prize your Life for other Ends
Than merely to oblige your Friends ;
Your former Actions claim their Part,
And join to fortify your Heart.
For Virtue in her daily Race,
Like *Janus* bears a double Face ;
Looks back with Joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with Courage on.
She at your sickly Couch will wait,
And guide you to a better State.

O THEN, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying Friends ;
Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your Sufferings share ;
Or give my Scrap of Life to you,
And think it far beneath your Due ;
You to whose Care so oft I owe,
That I'm alive to tell you so.

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